Prosperous Season Is Expected for Resorts, Tours, Cruises and General Rail Travel

Rail Travel West To Be Increased

THERE ARE a number of reasons assigned for the fact that western railroads are preparing for what may prove to be the biggest tourist season in their history. Cheap railroad fares, special attractions in the western country and a new era of comfort in train riding via air-conditioned cars are outstanding causes for belief that the westward hegira of folks from "down east" will put all records into the discard.

The purse appeal is expected to be a convincing factor in inducing vacationists to see more of America than they ever dreamed of seeing in roseate dreams. The western lines now provide the cheapest first-class railroad travel in the world. Surcharges on sleeping car tickets have been abolished by the western railroads. In addition, each line has made up a schedule of attractive round trips and, on top of that, the system of "escorted tours" offers bigger bargains in extensive travel through the west than ever before. It is now possible to cover a wide circle of the most alluring parts of the west at a lower cost than formerly was charged for a one-way ticket to, say, from Chicago to the Pacific coast.

Air conditioning, which means that a healthful, delightful, constant temperature is maintained within the car, to the exclusion of dust and all impurities, now is, in the words of one of America's Presidents, "a condition, not a theory."

Outstanding among travelers' goals this coming summer will be the San Diego Fair. Officially it is called the California Pacific International Exposition, and it will open in California's southernmost seaport city, May 29.

Canada S. S. to Resume Service

ACCORDING TO bulletins received at the Boston office of Canada Steamship Lines from C. C. Bonter, passenger traffic manager at Montreal, the service for season 1935 on the Great Lakes (Northern Navigation Division) will be resumed June 29. The service from Toronto to the Thousand Islands and down the St. Lawrence river through the famous rapids to Montreal will be resumed June 22 and from Montreal to Quebec and the Saguenay June 15.

Owing to the great demand last season for "All Expense" tours, G. C. Fletcher, general agent of the Canada Steamship Lines in Boston, says that his company will offer a greater variety of tours for the 1935 season.

Colpitts Sees Big Travel Season

THIS SUMMER will be the heaviest vacation travel in years, according to Mr. Colpitts. People are already planning on going places and he states that one of the finest hot weather trips is going via rail, bus or your private car to Montreal, thence taking a De Luxe Cruise to Labrador, Gaspe Coast, Newfoundland, North Shore and Saguenay River. Another attractive trip in cool waters is to the Gaspe Coast, Saguenay River, Prince Edward Island and Nova Scotia. These trips take about two weeks and are most reasonably priced.

The Colpitts Tourist Company of Boston make a specialty of domestic travel.

Cunarder to West Indies

ACCORDING to H. P. Borer, general manager of Cunard White Star Limited, the Franconia will make three vacation cruises to the West Indies and South America during July and August. St. Thomas, in the Virgin Islands, distance 1455 miles, will be the first port of call, and is generally considered one of the high spots on the cruise, which will cover 4160 miles.

The other ports on these cruises include La Guaira, Venezuela; Willemstad, Curacao, and Kingston, Jamaica.

The first cruise will sail from New York on July 27; the second, on August 10, and the third, on August 24.

Rotarians to Mexico City

THE RESPONSE which the Rotarians from New England are making to their International Convention in Mexico City is indicative of the enthusiastic spirit with which residents of this section support their organizations, according to T. L. Happ, manager of the American Express.

New Englanders have booked on the S. S. Resolute sailing from New York, June 8, as many as sixty strong, with the figure mounting daily.

The fact that the cruise visits Nassau and Havana as well as glamorous Mexico and that its duration is 18 days is resulting in bookings by Rotarians.

Jasper Park Scenic Spot

FOR THE LOVER of unspoiled mountain scenery it is doubtful if any spot on the North American continent holds so much interest as does Jasper National Park in the heart of the Canadian Rockies. This vast playground, 4200 square miles in extent, has been set aside by Canada as a perpetual playground for her people and their visitors from other countries, and in the heart of the park, the Canadian National Railways operate Jasper Park Lodge, a bungalow hotel with every modern comfort and convenience.

Within a step is a heated swimming pool, tennis courts, a magnificent scenic golf course. From the lodge radiate saddle and hiking trails, leading to awesome canyons and to age-old ice-fields. Motor roads circulate through certain sections of the park, rising by means of hairpin bends to the very foot of glaciers. Since this is a game sanctuary, shy deer, elk, moose, big horn sheep and goats, bears and other animals have lost their fear of man and are ready camera subjects for the picture hunter.

Within easy journey of the lodge are magnificent trout fishing lakes, including the famous Maligno waters stocked with speckled trout and the soon-to-be equally famous lakes of the Tonquin Valley where fishing will open this year for the first time.

Reich Travel Inexpensive

GERMANY IS MAKING foreign travel in the Reich easy and attractive. The cost of traveling has been reduced so that the American dollar now buys in Germany practically its old gold value of travel accommodations and comfort. In other words, the American's budget for travel in Germany need not be increased on account of the depreciation of the American currency.

The German railroads have decreed a reduction of 60 per cent in the cost of railroad tickets. Foreign visitors therefore pay only two-fifths of the normal railroad fare. These reduced rate tickets are valid for ninety days and are issued to travelers who stay at least seven days in Germany.

Other travel expenses in Germany can be paid for with Registered Marks that are available as Travelers' Checks, far below exchange market quotations. Registered Travel Marks sold recently around 25 cents per mark as against a normal exchange rate of 40 cents.

With the world's greatest Olympic Games just in the offing, Germany is more eager than ever to greet the outside world in a setting of all the charms of her scenic beauty, hospitality and social and cultural achievements.

C. P. Liner To Jubilee

MONTREAL, MAY 18—The Empress of Britain will play a reversed role in the Jubilee celebrations of the British navy at Spithead this July. Accustomed to being the cynosure of all eyes since she was launched by the Prince of Wales, the Canadian Pacific flagship this time will become a grandstand herself from which vantage point the 1100 travelers who sail from Quebec July 12 will see the largest concentration of British battleships in southern British waters since Winston Churchill shook the big stick in 1914.

The Empress of Britain will reach Spithead early in the afternoon of July 17, the day upon which the King and Queen, aboard the royal yacht Victoria and Albert, will steam up and down the long lines of smart grey warships of all types. Captain R. N. Stuart, V. C., D. S. O., U. S. N. C., R. D., R. N. R., commodore of the Canadian Pacific fleet, because of his years of naval experience, will be able to manoeuver his 42,500-ton vessel so that his passengers will see every detail of the naval pageant at Spithead, historic traditional site of naval displays for centuries, is just outside the Isle of Wight, close to the regular route taken by the big liner.

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California	$117.90
Dallas, Tex.	81.35
Denver, Colo. *	82.15
Glacier Park *	93.00
Grand Canyon, Ariz.	122.85
Mexico City, Mex.	128.35
North Pacific Coast	132.80
Salt Lake City, Utah †	103.50
San Antonio, Tex.	81.20
Yellowstone Pk. *	93.15

*Effective May 15 †Effective June 1

● Take advantage of air-conditioning this summer and travel West in cool, clean comfort. All principal trains on Western Railroads are now air-conditioned and it costs you not one penny extra to enjoy this luxury on trains running west and north of Chicago, St. Louis, Memphis, New Orleans.

All Cars Air-Conditioned

So take a de luxe land cruise this summer. To the Cool Vacation Resorts of the West and North—the Great Scenes and Historic Shrines, the National Parks and the Pacific Coast. Go aboard one of these air-conditioned western trains on the hottest, stickiest day. When you are panting for a breath of the cool air of mountains, woods or beaches. You'll breathe just such air the moment you enter the air-conditioned train.

Every car on these trains is air-conditioned—coach, chair, lounge, club, dining, sleeping and observation cars. No matter what car you ride in you will find it cool, clean and quiet. The world's finest travel service at the lowest cost. So travel by train and get the most for your money.

Western Travel Costs Low

To provide air-conditioning in time for your comfort this summer, Western Railroads paid out millions of dollars in materials and employment of thousands of persons—but basic train fares have been reduced to as low as 2¢ per mile in sleeping cars on a round trip ticket and corresponding low fares in coaches and chair cars. Sleeping car charges on western lines have also been sharply reduced. *Your dollar goes farther on Western Railroads.*

Special bargain values—big savings in travel costs anywhere West are offered in summer excursion tickets on sale daily commencing May 15, with ample final return limit.

See Nearest Railroad Ticket Agent

For details on special places of interest, routes, rates or literature on western trips, see your local railroad representative. He will gladly advise you.

TRAVEL BY TRAIN

to National Parks, California, San Diego Exposition, Americas Rockies, Southwest, Old Mexico, Texas Gulf Coast, Ozarks, Pacific Northwest, Alaska, North Woods and Lakes, Dude Ranches and Resorts of Every Character.

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By sea to Yarmouth, rail beyond. Tickets good sailing from Boston Monday, May 27, Thursday, May 30, or Monday, June 3, and good returning from Yarmouth on any regular sailing to and including Saturday, June 8.

Fair as young brides are the apple orchards of the lovely Evangeline country which hold out their blossom-laden boughs in welcome. The friendly Acadians, too, invite you to this, their gayest carnival. The streets of Kentville will awake to the music of bagpipes as native pageantry passes by. There will be floats, folk dances on the green, parades, and merrymaking in a watch of sun and petals. A gala ball is planned at the Cornwallis Inn at Kentville. Many will pilgrimage to the beautiful little park at Grand Pré to peer into Evangeline's well and pay homage at her shrine.

Be one of them yourself and enhance the journey to Nova Scotia by sailing direct for Yarmouth on a comfortable ocean liner. At Yarmouth, trains connect at dock for inland points. Excellent motor roads.

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Take your car with you. Cars accompanied by passengers $15 for the round trip, regardless of weight. Excursion summer fare to Yarmouth and return $12. Goingdates and return-limits as above. Write for all-expense cruise-tour folders.

● For additional information, increased summer sailing schedules and reservations apply 78 Boylston St. (Little Building), corner Tremont St., Tel. LIBerty 3430-3431; or 85 Franklin St., Tel. LIBerty 8586; or Indis Wharf, Tel. HANcock 1700; or apply your nearest travel agent.

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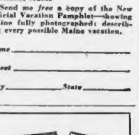

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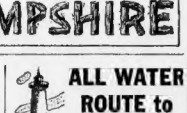

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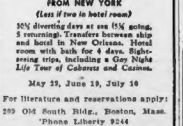

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MARCH of EVENTS | BOSTON SUNDAY ADVERTISER — NEW ENGLAND'S GREATEST NEWSPAPER — CIRCULATION | CITY LIFE THEATERS

JUNIOR BIRDMEN—HOME GARDEN | BOSTON, SUNDAY, MAY 19, 1935 | MOTION PICTURES—MUSIC

EVERY PYRAMID IS BUILT SLOWLY

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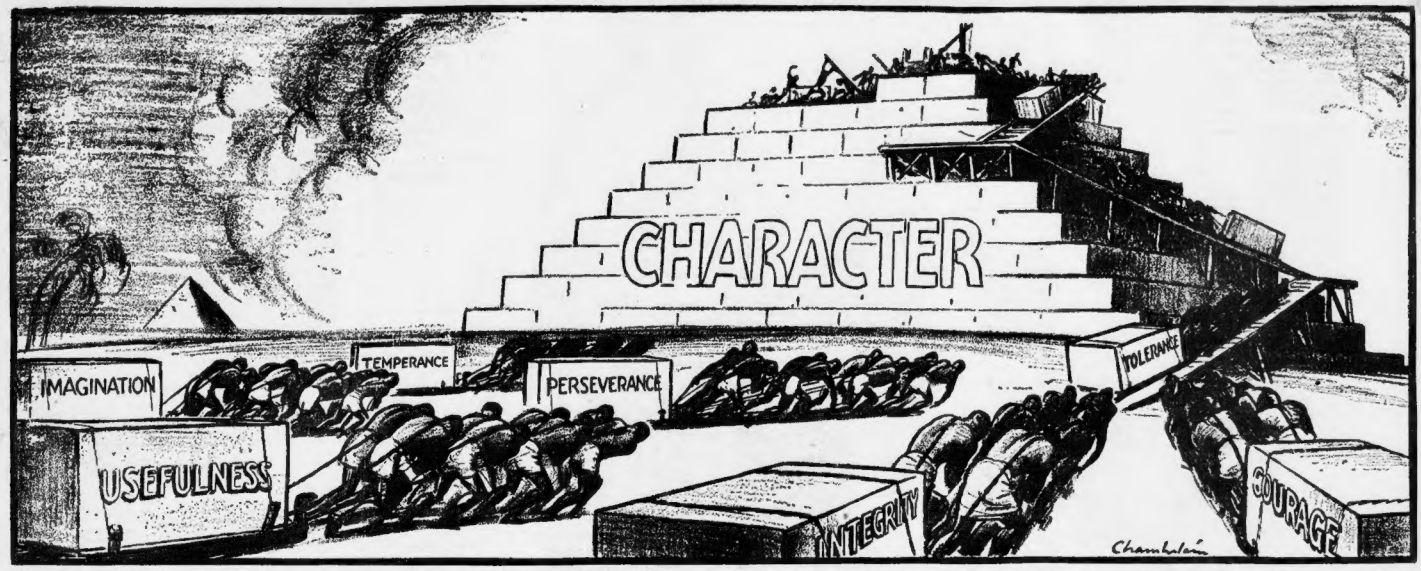


As The Pharaoh Built His Great Tomb, So Men Must Build CHARACTER

ALL agree that *without character* man is nothing. What *is* character?

Our word is borrowed from the Greek exactly as they used it. Character in Greek meant "an engraved mark."

Character is the engraving made upon the soul, mind, habits of human beings by their efforts, moral struggles, and HEREDITY.

Character has been called "a perfectly educated will."

Another has said: **"Character makes its own destiny."**

The eloquent Channing said: **"The great hope of society is individual character."**

Napoleon declared that character, or temperament, could never be changed, and Emerson said: **"No change of circumstances can repair a defect of character."** Both were mistaken.

No man need be discouraged by such pessimism. Men can and do change their characters from the cradle to the grave; by constant effort of the will they change their habit of thought and impulse and become human beings totally different from what they were before.

Goethe says that **"Talent is built in solitude, character in the stream of the world."** The great scientist, Humboldt, said: **"Only what we have wrought into our characters during life can we take away with us."**

Many races have shared the belief that life on the earth is given us to build character and virtue within ourselves.

Millions believe the soul passes through many incarnations; a man may be an insect in one life, an elephant in another, a perfect human being after perhaps a million years of migration. They believe that life is only meant for character building.

* * *

In this picture Mr. Chamberlain compares the slaves of ancient Egypt, working on a giant pyramid for some Pharaoh's tomb, with the building of individual character.

On one pyramid a hundred thousand men worked for a generation, slowly hauling huge stones, when the only power used was that of the human body, machinery unknown.

Ancient pyramids were of many kinds. The idea began with a square room dug in the ground, in which the dead were placed, a roof of poles and brushwood covered with sand erected to protect their long rest and keep out wild animals. Little by little, as the Pharaohs increased in vanity and power, the pyramids increased in size. Each one was a tomb for one single ruler; smaller pyramids around it were sometimes provided as tombs for his family.

The engineering and technical skill of Egypt made it possible to build a pyramid, its base more than eight thousand feet square, with only a fraction of an inch difference in the four sides.

The maker of this picture compares well the building of an ancient pyramid with the building of character. As Pharaoh's slaves, working under the lash, brought to the building of the king's tomb heavy blocks of stone, so the individual must bring to the building of character all that is required.

IMAGINATION, to see ahead.

USEFULNESS, to make life worth while.

INTEGRITY, without which there is no character worth while.

TEMPERANCE, that guarantees prolonged usefulness.

COURAGE, that carries the builder through to the end.

TOLERANCE, that recognizes the rights of others and earns their respect.

The Pharaoh had his great tomb towering toward the sky, but others did the building, slaves, task masters with the whip, architects and engineers supplying knowledge.

When the tomb was built, and time had passed, marauders broke in, the tomb was despoiled, the helpless mummy of what was once a great ruler was tossed aside or set up as a show in some foreign museum.

It is not so, with him who builds character. It is long, slow work, from childhood until death.

And once built, **CHARACTER REMAINS.**

You may take a man's money, his place of honor in the world, all material rewards that good work have earned for him.

You cannot take away his ***character.***

Great men have died on the scaffold, by the axe, rope, guillotine. They have been burned at the stake, with torture before death.

Life could be taken from them, but not **CHARACTER.** That outlives the headsman, the judge, and the prejudices of the hour.

Those that were most despised in life and suffered death most ignominiously are praised in history and live in honor, their persecutors forgotten.

They live because they possessed **CHARACTER.**

* * *

First in the building of character comes **WILL POWER.** A clever Englishman advised young men, in the forming of character, **"to talk little, to hear much, to reflect alone upon what has passed in company, to distrust one's own opinions, and value others that deserve it."**

If ever a man had **FIRMNESS OF CHARACTER,** will power that would not be discouraged, integrity, devotion to duty, that man was George Washington. This is his definition of an enviable character:

"I hope I shall always possess firmness and virtue enough to maintain what I consider the most enviable of all titles, the character of an 'honest man.'"

Amazing is the belief that individual character cannot be changed, in view of the fact that the human race as a whole has changed its character completely. Once it was a race of cannibals. Men eat each other no longer. It was once a race that believed there could be no progress without slavery. We own bodily slaves no longer, the intellect providing slaves of steel driven by steam and electricity, in place of the whip.

Mohammed said: **"Should any man tell you that a mountain had changed its place, you are at liberty to doubt it if you think fit; but if anyone tells you that a man has *changed his* character, do not believe it."**

Yet he changed his own character, completely, in the course of solitary meditations, and changed the characters of millions that followed him.

* * *

To change his character it is necessary that a man should ***criticize himself honestly*** every day that he lives, sincerely and earnestly condemning mistakes and weaknesses as he recognizes them, and striving ceaselessly to overcome them.

The task illustrated in this picture is one that, for each of us, begins in childhood and ends with success or failure only with the last breath.

"Character is the product of daily, hourly actions, and words and thoughts: daily forgivenesses, unselfishness, kindnesses, sympathies, charities, sacrifices for the good of others, struggles against temptation, submissiveness under trial. Oh, it is these, like the blending colors in a picture or the blending notes of music, which constitute the man."

SOME GOOD ANSWERS

"Wake Me When There Is Bad News."—Napoleon.

EVERY one recalls some brilliant answer that occurred to him, too late. The French call that *l'esprit de l'escalier* "the wit of the staircase," the brilliant reply that came as you were going down stairs, when the party was over.

Every great name has connected with it certain interesting *answers.* A few are presented here, because they stimulate thought. The value of printed thought lies in its power to provoke *new* thought.

THEMISTOCLES, one of the greatest, most patriotic of the ancient Greeks, asked, about 2400 years ago, whether he could play on the lute, replied: *"I cannot fiddle, but I can make a small town into a great state."*

Asked whether he would rather be Achilles, who performed feats of valor, or Homer, who wrote about them, he replied, less wisely: *"Pray, which would you rather be, a conqueror in the Olympic Games, or the crier who proclaims who are conquerors?"* That answer, good at the time, is foolish now. Everybody knows that the genius called "Homer" was far greater, in himself and to the world, than all the barbarians whose fights he describes. There would be no "marvelous" Achilles, or Hector, no Helen, with the face that *"launched a thousand ships and burnt the topless towers of Ilium"* had there been no Homer.

ALEXANDER, wiser than Themistocles, bitterly regretted that there was no Homer to celebrate his deeds. In a magnificent gold casket taken from the conquered ruler of Persia, who had used it to carry his most precious jewels, Alexander carried his infinitely more precious copy of Homer's Iliad.

One more answer by Themistocles, that ambitious modern mothers might keep in mind. Asked if he would like a rich man to marry his daughter, the noble Greek, who killed himself rather than help Artaxerxes to conquer his ungrateful country, replied that he would rather have for his daughter *"a man that lacks money than money that lacks a man."*

When an ancient King of Sparta, Plutarch relates, was invited to hear a man who could imitate the nightingale perfectly, the King replied: *"No, thanks. I have heard the nightingale herself."* The same King, Agesilaus II, asked whether valor or justice was the greater virtue, replied: *"Unsupported by justice, valor is good for nothing; and if all men were just there would be no need of valor."* European nations, about to resume wholesale murder, might think about that.

To parents of modern youth the Spartan's reply to *"What should boys learn?"* is recommended. *"They should learn,"* said he, *"that which they will use when men."*

The same Spartan defended the practice of wearing the hair long *"because of all personal ornaments that costs the least."* Of the inexpensive clothing and food of the Spartans he said: *"From this course of life we reap liberty,"* and was able to add: *"No Spartan woman has ever seen the smoke of the enemy's camp."*

WHEN an officer roused Napoleon from sound sleep to tell him of a great victory Napoleon rebuked him: *"Never disturb me to tell about victory, for anybody can attend to good news. If there is bad news wake me; to that I, myself, must attend."*

The brilliant Mme. de Stael, determined to attract the Emperor's attention, asked Bonaparte whom he considered the greatest woman in the world. His reply was: *"Her who has borne the most children,"* sweeping aside the importance of Mme. de Stael's intellect. When she persisted: *"You are not thought to like women,"* he replied: *"Madame, I am very fond of my wife,"* ending the conversation.

Praised to the skies for his *"marvelous achievement"* in crossing the Alps in Winter, in spite of ice and snow, his answer was: *"Winter is the safest time. Then there are no landslides. I deserve credit only for not believing fools who said it could not be done."*

Asked why he would not permit freedom of the press he replied: *"I fear three newspapers more than a hundred thousand bayonets."* What would he say now of the radio?

CLEMENCEAU, glorious old fighting Frenchman, who, with Lloyd George, won the big war by intellectual courage and power, insisted on going to the front trenches where shells were bursting. A young French officer of low rank, risking his own life as a matter of course, asked the old French President of the Council of War: *"Why do you risk your important life here when at any moment you may be shot dead?"* Clemenceau replied: *"Young man, I may be too old to love women, but I am not too old to love France, and I want to see what happens to young Frenchmen that I send to these front line trenches."*

A glorious man was old Clemenceau. He wanted to be buried with his coffin standing straight on end, feet down, head up. He would not be prostrate even in death. A fighter all his life, his enemies feared *his pen and his sword.*

"I Can Build a Small Town Into a Great State"—Themistocles

CARDINAL RICHELIEU: This great French statesman and ecclesiastic, Armand Jean du Plessis, who governed France absolutely, with great wisdom, once roused the jealousy of his royal master because of great attentions showered on Richelieu. The King peevishly held back, indicating that Cardinal Richelieu should go before him. Immediately Richelieu seized a torch to light the way, as though he were a servant, saying: *"Only thus can I precede Your Majesty."*

To the priest who administered the last sacraments and asked him if he forgave his enemies, Richelieu replied: *"I have never had any but those of the State. I pray God to condemn me if ever I meant aught save the welfare of religion and the State."*

VOLTAIRE: This fighting, intellectual giant of whom it was said that he wrote 72 volumes, and the French Revolution was Volume No. 73, said in his time as many good and brave things as any man that ever lived. Read his life, by the late Georg Brandes, the eminent Jewish critic of Denmark. Voltaire was told by Jean Baptiste Rosseau that the latter had written an *"Ode to Immortality."* Voltaire, after reading the weak poem, remarked: *"There is a letter which will never reach its address."*

At dinner at the Duc de Sully's the Chevalier de Rohan-Chabot, who came of a great family and had nothing left but the name, asked, pointing to Voltaire: *"Who is that young man who talks with so much assurance?"*

Voltaire replied; *"I am the first of my name. You are the last of yours."*

Next day the noble Chevalier de Rohan had Voltaire severely beaten by four of his lackeys, and an aristocrat remarked: *"How unfortunate we should be if poets had no shoulders,"* meaning that if you could not beat them they might say anything.

That was an unfortunate beating for dukes and such gentry. It may have aroused in Voltaire's mind the contempt for the aristocracy, which he at first admired and sought.

WHEN Voltaire challenged de Rohan to a duel he was locked up in the Bastille on a *lettre de cachet,* convenient instrument of kings and nobles, and the keeper of the Bastille informed him that those who forged such *lettres de cachets* were hanged. Voltaire replied: *"That is right, in anticipation of the time when those who sign genuine ones shall be served in the same way."*

Asked to tell the difference between France and England, he replied: *"France is a country of one religion and many sauces, England a country of one sauce and many religions. I prefer France."* Asked to describe the British, he answered: *"They are like their own beer, froth on top, dregs at the bottom, the middle excellent."*

When Voltaire praised the learned Swiss Haller to Casanova, Casanova said that Haller did not speak well of Voltaire, to which the latter replied: *"Perhaps we were both mistaken."*

Nearly everybody knows Voltaire's answer to the ambitious Paris maker of wigs, who sent Voltaire a five-act tragedy entitled *"The Earthquake of Lisbon."* Voltaire, who did not like being called *Dear Confrere,* sent to the wigmaker four pages on which he had written, repeated one hundred times, *"Master Andre, make wigs, always wigs, nothing but wigs."* The acute wig-maker remarked that Voltaire must be growing old, *"he begins to repeat himself."*

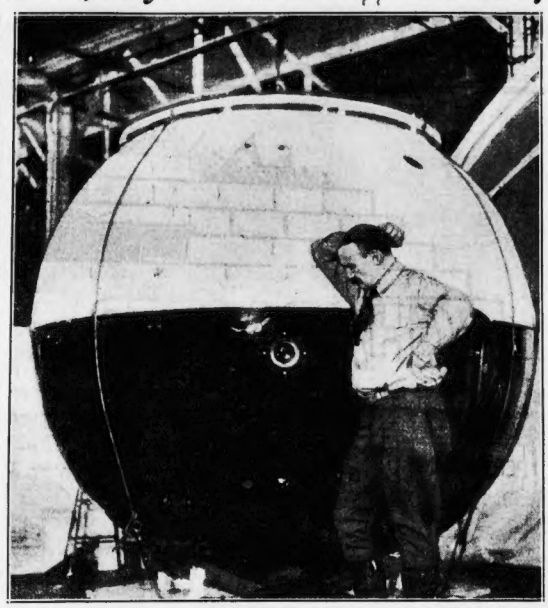
In a writer of genius, thought, expression enter the brain as radio messages enter a receiving set. Wagner's music came to him as he walked, and was written down on his return.

Shakespeare never knew a line that he was going to write except as he wrote it.

ARTHUR BRISBANE.

Special Stratosphere Planes Will Soon Circle Globe in 60 Hours, Says Adamson

SKY PIERCER—Captain Orval Anderson, Navy ace, who has specialized in stratosphere flights, will be a member of the expedition next month in an attempt to shatter existing altitude records. International News Photo.



CHIEF—Captain A. W. Stevens, of the United States Army, who will command the stratosphere balloon on its attempt to establish a new altitude record. International News Photo.

Predicts 7 Miles a Minute Speed at 45,000 Foot Altitude in This Decade

By HANS CHRISTIAN ADAMSON,
Noted Commentator of Scientific and Educational Subjects.

WITHIN the current decade, long-range stratosphere planes will circle the globe in less than 60 hours at speeds of 7 miles per minute at an average altitude of 45,000 feet above sea-level.

New York to London, 4,000 miles, 10 hours; London to Bombay, 4,400 miles, 11 hours; Bombay to Manila, 3,200 miles, 8 hours; Manila to Honolulu, 5,200 miles, 13 hours; Honolulu to San Francisco, 2,400 miles, 6 hours; and San Francisco to New York, 2,800 miles, 7 hours.

A total distance of some 22,000 miles flown in 56 hours along airways which are already established on land, and which are rapidly being blazed across the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans.

Those who doubt that the engine, plane and propeller developments necessary to put planes in the stratosphere may come to pass within the next few years need only look back to the 1920's and the amazing march of aeronautical progress they produced.

Such a backward glance will show that in the past ten years planes have added 162 miles an hour to their speed, increased their cruising range 3,117 miles and gained 10,788 feet in altitude.

For back in 1925 the fastest plane flew only 278 miles an hour, against 440 miles today; could cruise non-stop only 2,516 miles, as against 5,633 today, and could climb only to 36,564 feet, as against 47,352 today.

True, these are attainments reached on record flights, but in aviation the record flight of today is the routine schedule of tomorrow.

Coast-to-Coast Flight in 15 Hours

Take the air mail. In 1924 Lieutenant Maughan flashed across the country in 21 hours—record-breaking racing speed by an Army pursuit plane. But in 1934, ten years later, transports —carrying passengers, mail and express—fly on a coast to coast schedule of 18 hours that will be cut to 15 hours this year.

Using progress in the past as the yardstick for advancement in the future, it is easy to see how aviation will not find it particularly difficult to put the knowledge gained on speed, distance and altitude flights to commercial and military use and produce stratoplanes especially designed to cruise the fast airlanes high above the clouds.

These craft will be long-range planes. For the long, slow climb from earth into the cold, clear silence of the stratosphere will take fully an hour, while the descent must also be very gradual. This means that it would not be economical for stratoplanes to operate over less than transoceanic and transcontinental distances.

The United States is virtually the only world power which is doing little, if anything, toward the development of stratosphere flying. Of course, the Army Air Corps is co-operating with the National Geographic Society in sending Captain Albert Stevens and his balloon-crew into the stratosphere. Important as this type of exploration is, it comes under the heading of scientific research rather than aeronautical experiments.

Then there are the stratosphere flights of Wiley Post which have not received a fraction of the Government recognition and support which they deserve.

In Europe, the picture is different. German and French designers are trying to perfect planes with air-tight cabins and special super-charged engines for high altitude flying.

Italy, which now possesses the highest climbing plane, is laboring to create a special high-powered strato-engine. England, under orders issued recently by the Air Ministry, is putting especial stress upon super-charger and engine development.

Let us analyze for a moment the advantages of stratosphere flight. They fall into the following divisions:

1—In the cloudless, rainless and fog-free stratosphere planes will escape the dangers and delays of bad weather flying.

2—The thin air in the stratosphere offers so much less resistance than the denser air at sea levels that a plane traveling 150 miles an hour close to earth would do about 300 miles an hour in the ultra high air lanes.

There are other reasons, less important, more technical, but the two just named come first—Safety and Speed.

So far, so good. Now let us take a look at the stratosphere.

'Roaring Forties' Coming Air Lanes

In our part of the world it begins about 35,000 feet above sea level. At that altitude—seven miles up—the air is about 50 per cent thinner than the air we breathe. There is no moisture and the temperature is somewhere about 50 degrees BELOW zero all year round. So in the stratosphere there are no seasons.

The most conspicuous feature of the lower stratosphere—next to its cloudless, perpetual chill —is its razor-sharp, racing-speed winds.

They begin at about 30,000 feet, gain in intensity at 40,000 feet, then moderate above 50,000 feet, and reach a mill-pond smoothness at 60,000 feet. This places the high-speed wind-lanes between 40,000 and 50,000 feet.

In these "Roaring Forties of Space" the velocities range from 50 miles an hour to two miles per minute. But the trouble is that these winds blow from west to east. Fine tailwinds for Europe-bound air liners or planes flying to the United States from Japan but a red light against westbound stratosphere traffic.

That is, except around the equator. There, oddly enough, the winds run from east to west. Not only that but the stratosphere is twice as cold around the equator as it is in the temperate zones.

To overcome handicaps imposed by the winds, it would be necessary for planes to climb to the mill-pond belt at 60,000 feet where the breezes average only half a dozen miles per hour. Here the absence of winds is offset by air so thin that it offers only one-tenth of the resistance which planes have to encounter at ground levels. This means more speed.

Air Submarines Sure to Come

It is true that it would take comparatively few drastic changes to convert some types of present-day planes into substratosphere ships that could fly the windy one-way streets of the "Roaring Forties," but drastic, even revolutionary, progress in plane and engine construction must come to pass before aviation can hope to invade the "Smooth Sixties" at 60,000 feet.

The stratoplane will be a flying submarine built in such a manner that the sub-zero temperature outside cannot get in any more than the oxygen supply in the cabin can escape. These planes will have enormous wing spreads with high "lifts" because of the thin stratosphere air and huge gasoline tanks.

Existing gasoline engines would be wasteful and unreliable in high altitudes. Just how far we would have to go in motor improvement may be seen from the fact that there is not a plane in the world today that, all other being even, could get beyond the very threshold of the stratosphere without consuming so much gas in its climb that it would have to come down again almost immediately with empty fuel tanks.

The Diesel engine is probably the answer to this question—plus far-reaching improvements in super-chargers that will enable engines to breathe in high altitudes by compressing the air to sea-level density, without losing almost 25 per cent of their horse-power.

Propellers must be improved, for those used in ordinary altitudes would be inefficient, if not actually worthless, in the stratosphere. To pull a plane through the upper air would probably require a "prop" geared for three distinct altitudes—20,000 —40,000 and 60,000 feet. The propeller, too, would have to be larger than the ordinary "prop" —perhaps 15 feet from tip to tip which is about twice the length of propellers now in use.

Thus we see a stratosphere plane with enormous wings and tall landing gear to prevent the long props from plowing into the ground on landing or take-off. On account of its great wing-spread, such a plane would need a super-sized airport to get off the ground for if it were pulled off the ground too fast, the pressure of air on its huge wings would probably crush them.

One of the most interesting features of the stratosphere problem is that man is physically ready for the invasion of the upper reaches. The strato-pilot would have to be an exceptionally competent pilot, but he need not be a superman. His navigating and operating problems would be just about those of the keen-minded, steel-nerved men in common of submarines.

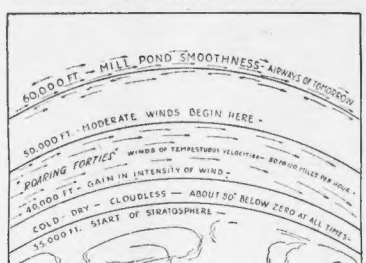
There will be little danger of pilots or passengers getting the "bends"—the painful cramps that seize tunnel workers and others who pass too quickly from heavy to normal air-pressure—for the climb and descent would be so gradual that there would be plenty of time for the blood and tissues of the human body to adjust themselves to the atmospheric changes.

Military Planes First Perfected

It is to be hoped that Uncle Sam will soon follow in the footsteps of other governments and secure himself a position in the upper air-lanes for stratosphere flying has a double importance. It not alone opens up new air-lanes for commercial aviation in times of peace, but, in time of war, it is a broad frontier that must be kept free from invaders.

In military aviation the bomber or pursuiter who flies highest flies best, for in altitude lies protection against diving attack. Hence, fast-climbing, high-flying pursuit planes will soon be one of the country's essential needs. Uncle Sam's flying fighters have gone quite a way in that direction, but the; still have a long climb before they reach the ultimate stratosphere ceiling.

Chances are that the first stratoplanes will be military types, probably pursuit, and that their first commercial cousins will carry only mail and light express. The reason for this is that long distance stratoplanes must use so much of their load capacity for fuel that they, to start with, would not have room for passengers or heavy cargoes.


60,000 FT. — MILL POND SMOOTHNESS — AIRWAYS OF TOMORROW
50,000 FT. — MODERATE WINDS BEGIN HERE —
"ROARING FORTIES" — WINDS OF TEMPESTUOUS VELOCITIES — SOMETIMES 200 MILES PER HOUR
40,000 FT. — GAIN IN INTENSITY OF WIND —
COLD — DRY — CLOUDLESS — ABOUT 50° BELOW ZERO AT ALL TIMES
35,000 FT. — START OF STRATOSPHERE —
AIR LANES OF TO-DAY
NEW YORK
LONDON

TOMORROW'S AIRWAYS—This chart shows the speed advantages of stratospheric flight.

Britain's Future Demands She Align Herself with U.S., Declares Gen. Smuts

'Such Alignment Would Lead the World Back to Recovery.'

GEN. JAN C. SMUTS,
South Africa's Deputy Premier and Minister of Justice, King's Counsel and Privy Councillor of the British Empire,
in an Interview with BETTY ROSS.

LONDON.

AMERICA has always stood for freedom. She struck a tremendous blow for freedom of thought, and really started the French Revolution and the great movement for freedom throughout Europe in the nineteenth century. America fought the bitterest war of its history to make the black man free. She has played a great part, and in the future will be called upon to play a greater part in this struggle for freedom of the human spirit.

"Will the English-speaking countries lead the way back to world recovery?" you ask. I am opposed to racial superiority and do not like to use just those words. But I do not think the nations in North America and in the extreme west of Europe have so far lived and been inspired by a great light. One hopes their example and steadfastness will once more pull the world around to the right point of view.

To me, the future policy and association of our British Commonwealth LIE MORE WITH THE U. S. A. THAN WITH ANY OTHER GROUP IN THE WORLD.

Future Lies With America

If ever there comes a parting of the ways, if ever in the crises of the future we are called upon to make a choice, that it seems to me, SHOULD BE THE COMPANY WE SHOULD PREFER TO WALK WITH AND MARCH WITH TO THE UNKNOWN FUTURE.

On that both lie our past affiliations, our common moral outlook, our hopes and fears for the future of our common civilisation.

How can the average young man and woman find the creative freedom I discussed in my Rectorial Address at St. Andrews?

First, get rid of the defeatist spirit which is now prevalent. People are so perplexed and find it so difficult to move forward. All the old formulas of life are gone, and no one knows what to hold nor where to look for guidance.

Defeatist Spirit Must Be Routed

Get rid of the defeatist spirit; get faith in good, in human progress, in human destiny, in God. That will be a starting point. Get rid of the spirit of sitting down and feeling that we are defeated, that civilization is shipwrecked, and that we must await helplessly the dangers of the future. We should not wait in despair, but set our compass and sail on, doing our best to improve the world.

Women can be the mothers of the nation and yet find creative freedom. But woman must get away from the old inferiority complex, and take her place beside man as his equal. Until women themselves remove this complex from their minds, the world will not come right.

And when she does it will then be a much more social world in its fullest sense; one devoted more to looking after children's welfare and education and social welfare on the whole. This would mean giving children the fullest chance for self-expression, and the realization of their personality. This would feed the young minds with interest, ideals and the joy of life. For education should rely much more on the child's imagination than his memory.

If women play their part we shall get away more and more from the man's world of politics. Men are far too political. Politics is not everything in this world; we must give attention to questions of personal life, social life and human welfare. All this is work in which woman can play a part as important, if not more so, than man. That is their share, the contribution they can make to what I mean by creative freedom.

Create a world of free men and free women! Free not in the sense of looseness, but of being responsible, not repressed, but giving expression to what is best in the soul.

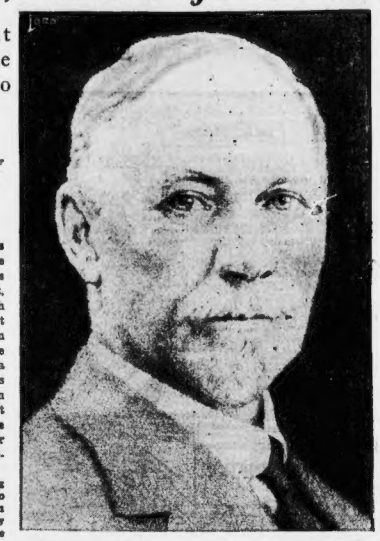
As to the women of America, I am not conversant with their work but I do know they play a great part there. It must be heartening for them to see that the cause of women is advancing and flourishing all over the world. They took the first steps forward.

Pericles said: "Happiness is freedom, and freedom is courage." You can only have brave men and women in a free world. People have often rea' that declaration of Pericles, yet not noticed its fundamental declaration of human rights and politics Freedom is the inerdical craving of human nature Without it peace, contentment and happiness, even manhood itself, are not possible. Freedom must make a great counterstroke against the new tyranny that is enticing youth into its service.

We can fight this approaching menace by standing up for the old faith in mankind, the old faith in freedom. Christianity stands for that. As the children of God we are free. No slavery, no servitude, no subordination to man; but all free, free before God. Man was conceived in liberty and created in equality.

Nations should also get rid of the defeatist spirit. Some are trying to find if peace and recovery can be made possible on a lower level. I refer to the new experiments on the Continent, where they are trying to find stability on a lower level. They are, as it were, debasing the coinage of the human thought, climbing down from the gold standard of the highest ideals.

America and England do not seem to be giving up the gold coin of idealism. A large part of the world still has this firm faith to keep the banner of the spirit flying, with no compromise, no going back. But over all parts of Europe the conditions of human life and human misery have been so bad, they have fallen to so low a level, that the leaders think they can build up a new world on the basis of inequality and absence of freedom. But you cannot do it. There is no stability in it.



KING'S COUNSEL—General Jan Christian Smuts, South Africa's Deputy Premier and Minister of Justice and Privy Councillor of the British Empire. A study of him drawn by Howard Lord, March of Events Staff Artist.

Finds War Spirit Lacking in World

The current talk of another war is nonsense. The world is not going to war. Each nation is busy with its own troubles. *No one is really dreaming of war at present; there is not a war mentality about it all.* The scare mongering about war is better stopped, or in the end it will create a mentality that will produce war.

I can find no nation in the world possessed of the war spirit. People are actuated by fear and uncertainty. Every statesman knows that war will probably mean misery for his people and the end for his country as well as himself.

The youth of this age have a definite duty to civilization and I think the young people are feeling it, too. Among them I have found much searching; searching of the heart as well as facts. They are no longer accepting the standards of old, but are seekers. This interest is all for the good. I am sure they will make a contribution to the world—they are building up a new world-outlook.

Once you have a vision, it yields itself to reality. Your ideal will soon clothe itself in flesh and substance—but first you must have it.

If we can only get rid of the fear complex which we have brought from the past, together with the inferiority complex, which divides the world into victors and vanquished, we will be on the road to peace. But not until we get rid of these bogeys.

We are driven by the evil forces of the past, the fear-complex and inferiority. For instance, France today is dominated by fear; Germany by inferiority. Both nations are moved by obsessions of the past—by ghosts that survive in the public mind. If we can expel these ghosts, mankind will be firmly set on the way to peace.

Peace must be built up in the human soul and in the public mind, not merely written on paper. It is no use for nations to give documents, formal sanctions and treaties—*the mind must go with the deed.* We must have a new mentality and a new outlook to accept peace.

Atrophy of Brain Lobes Makes Adult Behave Just Like an Infant, Says Noted Neurologist

By GOBIND BEHARI LAL,
Science Editor, Hearst Newspapers.

THE atrophy or decadence of the frontal lobes of the brain change a grown-up person in an amazing way. The most remarkable effect is that the adult's behavior goes back to that of early infancy.

Not until you see the motion pictures of such infantile old men and women, made by Dr. Walter Freeman of St. Elizabeth Hospital, and professor of neurology at George Washington University, Washington, D. C., will any real idea of the amazing relationship between the higher brain and general personality be entertained by you.

As I saw these pictures of Dr. Freeman's patients, and listened to Dr. Freeman's explanations at one of the clinics at Philadelphia, it became clear enough that the chemical and mechanical conditions of the brain tissues play a tremendously important part in maintaining human civilization. The thought also came up, "Does the world go to pot because some of the most important leaders are apparently so senile that their frontal brain lobes might be more or less atrophied?"

Dr. Freeman had nothing to say on that point directly. What he had to say, and to show, is summed up very briefly thus:

A baby only a few months old shows certain well-known types of behavior. For example, he will clutch your finger or some object like a pencil with a remarkable firm closing of his small hand. You could lift the baby up, as he hangs on to your finger or some rod-like object.

Tickle the soles of the baby's feet, as by drawing a pencil point from toe to heel, and observe the grasping reflex, as if the attempt were made to take hold of the stimulus as a little monkey does with its hands and feet.

Stimulate by gently rubbing the upper part of the lips or around the mouth, and there is a peculiar way of opening the mouth. The attempt to suck at things when introduced between the lips presents a definite picture.

Now, just the same kind of responses are presented by extremely aged patients in Dr. Freeman's hospital. Nurses are shown making the appropriate tests, that make these old men and women grasp, mouth, suckle just like little infants.

After death, these cases were thoroughly examined. It was in the frontal part of the cortex or upper brain that atrophy or shrivelling was most conspicuous.

Dr. Freeman was asked, "What about the degeneration of the cells in the liver and other parts of the body?"

He replied, "There was some degeneration in liver and in some other organs, but to much smaller extent than in the front l obes of the brain."

A far more comprehensive view of the meaning of human personality, the entire picture of behavior of any particular person, was given by Dr. Freeman, in discussing the place that the endocrine glands and the brain occupies in human beings.

Students of human behavior, especially from experience with patients in insane asylums and hospitals, have divided human personalities into certain types.

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Franco-Soviet Treaty Threatens World with Communism—Rosenberg

Hitler Aide Charges French General Staff Actively Prepare for Era of Second Genghis Khan

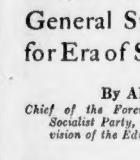
By ALFRED ROSENBERG

Chief of the Foreign Political Department of the National Socialist Party, Charged by Chancellor Hitler with Supervision of the Education of the Nazi Party in World Affairs.

By Special Cable.

BERLIN, May 18.

THE military alliance between France and the Soviet Union naturally aroused the deepest interest of all countries, but it remains doubtful whether all politicians are really aware of the gravity of what has happened.



ALFRED ROSENBERG.

People have become used to the fact that every half-year new political and military pacts are concluded, and people, therefore, are inclined to consider the Franco-Russian Alliance as an important fact in world politics, but the fundamental difference between this pact and all others surely has not yet dawned upon the minds of all people.

Whatever may be the cultural and political structure of the various European nations, they are all united by a certain mentality and character which is due to blood and tradition and is the result of the development of many thousands of years.

World Communism has declared a war of annihilation against all this and in every respect. As a result of this Communist doctrine, millions of hopeless people and also adventurers from all over the world flock to the Third Internationale. It, therefore, cannot give up its slogans unless it wants to sacrifice its very existence in world politics.

World Communism, therefore, always has made the most strenuous efforts to undermine all countries of the world from within and make them subservient to its own aims.

Wherever this succeeded, as in Hungary and in Munich, it resulted in monster, terrific outbreaks of vandalism against all fundamentals of European civilization.

Finally, some nations and, in the first line, National Socialist Germany, succeeded in crushing the Communist movement and, what is more, to replace it by a new world of ideas and to gain the hearts of many millions of desperate peoples.

In other countries, too, Communism has met with growing resistance so that in order to gain a success it has had to adopt different methods.

Thus, during the last few years we have witnessed to an increasing extent how the Communism of world propaganda developed into militaristic Communism.

The doctrine of social insurrections been replaced by boasting of the largest army in the world, of the largest air fleet in the world and the largest reserves of raw material in the world.

Communist Aims Are Unchanged

Other nations, naturally Germany, too, always emphasize that they do not try to interfere with the domestic life of Russia because after all every nation must decide its own fate.

But beyond that a race has set in for the purpose of building up Soviet industries, and one might say that, without the support of English, American and German technique, Soviet Russia would not have been able to face the world with its present strength.

But, however strongly one may criticize the shortsightedness of certain statesmen, there is a long way from the aid resulting from economic needs of critical years to a military alliance. But this step the French Republic has taken today and is, therefore, giving World Communism a tremendous political impulse.

Military speaking, this alliance strengthens the numerically strongest army of the world and makes it possible to prepare the era of a second Genghis Khan.

Before the entire world the French General Staff has become the most active supporters of military World Communism, which on its own side accepts this support, but just as frankly as heretofore summons the other nations for a Communist revolution.

France Partner of Soviet

The 52 slogans for May Day of this year explicitly contained proclamations for the proletarian world revolution and they end as follows:

"Long live the Soviet power all over the world."

On May Day, Voroshiloff, Commissar for War, made a speech in which he praised that day as the 45th anniversary of the day when the proletariat of the world chose the day for demonstration of its strength. As he said, it was a day of solidarity of all workers of all races, of all countries of all languages and of all nations.

There can be no doubt, therefore, that the ultimate aim of Communism has not changed. But the situation today is that, besides the Communist parties of the whole world, besides the menace to Europe or the Communist Red Army, the French Army had joined them as partner in an alliance.

No European worried as to peace can evade the question how France could have burdened herself with such a responsibility, as France herself possesses a gigantic army and maintains army alliances in Europe.

Beyond those, the Locarno Treaty, in case of violation of the French border by Germany, obligates England to come to the aid of France's assistance, so that any allusion to the alleged danger formed by the German Reich constitutes an entirely untruthful argument.

Incidentally, one must point to the true spirit of the French General Staff, which could not be characterized more clearly than by the work of Lieutenant Colonel Charles de Geulle, entitled *"Vers L'Armee de Metier,"* which most bluntly reveals the real intentions of the France of today and rejects Germany's affair for an understanding.

This military expert sponsors a new army of offense and bases his claims for new armaments as follows:

"What we need is an instrument, for punitive expeditions and for intervention."

This means, in so many words, that France claims for herself an absolute military hegemony over Europe and wants to couple with her army the role of the only and supreme judge of this continent.

Secondly, the sentence plainly states that France is ready at any time to kindle a preventive war, that is, to invade a nation which by no means endangers the security of France, but which only seems to be somehow in the way of French imperialism.

England Holds Trump Cards

In view of these undeniable facts, and in connection with the alliance between the French General Staff and the Communist Red Army, all peace-loving nations of the world have always to be on their guard so that such a perverted war will not be provoked suddenly from Moscow and Paris simultaneously, a war which necessarily would result in indescribable disaster and destruction of all social achievements of national civilization.

It is only too natural that the German people see that respective menace lies for Germany between the two partners of the alliance.

A little over a year ago Germany approved the proposals of the British Prime Minister and is ready to acknowledge them as a basis for further negotiations. But from Paris there came a sharp rejection and this official statement of the French Foreign Minister was also chiefly responsible for the fact that a really peaceful policy and a reasonable disarmament did not come about, but that the French-Soviet-Communistic military alliance, formed in preparation at that time, was concluded.

Summarizing the whole situation, it becomes evident that in the hands of England lies the decision on many things. It is a decision for or against either this menace by the Communist army and Communist air fleet in Europe and Asia will be further augmented and whether this real menace will be met by some demonstration of strength of the civilized world which is able to check the threatening disaster and disperse the clouds.

This is a question which today concerns all thoughtful people and all responsible statesmen and we hope that in view of the drift of things, the entire world will eventually decide what should be done for the safeguarding of peace and cultural assets of Europe.

'Nobody in Germany Wants War,' SAYS HITLER

"Mankind Has Just One Great Task: To Safeguard World Peace"—"We Were Helpless"—"We Are Anti-Imperialistic"—"We Are Changed Men in a Changed World"

The Literary Digest prints the following amazing interview with Chancellor Hitler in its issue of May 11th.

By EDWARD PRICE BELL

BERLIN.

"LET me put your question a little differently," said Chancellor Adolf Hitler, speaking quickly and bluntly through an interpreter, in his warm-toned, beautiful room in the Wilhelmstrasse, the morning light falling full on his violet-tinged eyes and rugged features.

"Most certainly," was the assent.

"You ask me if I think the peace of Europe can be maintained, adding that the whole world is asking that question. I would put the interrogatory thus: *'Who would bring peace in danger?"*

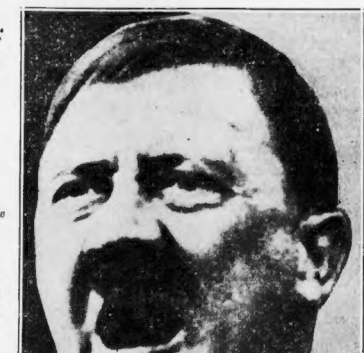
"And you would answer?"

"Not Germany."

"Would *any* European country?"

"Now you go too far for me. A statesman can answer for his own nation alone. I answer for the New Germany. I say: *Nobody in this Germany, nobody in this unified and disciplined State, wants war.* And I say further: *Nobody here ever will take any step to cause war.*

"Listen! Have we not proved our desire for peace? Toward the west, Germany is bound by the Locarno Pacts. Toward the east, she is in treaty with Poland not to employ any kind of force for ten years. And I will say now that at the end of the ten years we shall be ready to extend the contract.



ADOLF HITLER SPEAKS—"A deliberate war-maker is a traitor: he leads his people into the Valley of the Shadow of Death."

"No Saber-Rattler"

"This treaty of peace, mark you, was not made under any compulsion. It was influenced in no way by the League of Nations or any other extraneous factor. We entered into it voluntarily. We entered into it gladly, the wrong had been done us in that direction. Our just resentments we subordinated to a larger consideration—that of peace. Germany, moreover, a signatory of the Briand-Kellogg Pact, which, as everyone knows, outlaws war as an instrument of national policy."

War and peace dominate Herr Hitler's thoughts, as they dominate the thoughts of all peoples in these uneasy hours.

"Mankind's supreme problem," says the Fuehrer.

His eyes bore straight into those of the interviewer.

"Mankind has just one great task: to safeguard the peace of the world. The Germany of National Socialism is no saber-rattler. It wants to do its part in accomplishing that one great task. If it has recourse to power-diplomacy, it is for reason is that it lives in a world of power-diplomacy. It wants to change all that, and it knows that a Germany respected by itself and by others is necessary to that change.

"The Treaty of Versailles, a thing of unparalleled folly and injustice, a moral, political and economic monstrosity, forced us to disarm. Deliberately, we put upon us the most ghastly humiliation of history. We submitted. We disarmed. We so completely denuded ourselves militarily that we were helpless against the most contemptible of enemies.

"Our conquerors were treaty-bound to follow us on the way to disarmament. They did not follow. They went in the opposite direction, and they kept on going for half a generation. And now that, acting communalistic for our national salvation, we meet the actual situation, they talk of our tearing up treaties and assume the posture that we can not be trusted."

"You agree that international civilization must rest upon the inviolability of treaties?"

"To be sure, we do. That is why we are so careful about what parts we sign. The German Government of National Socialism never will dishonor itself, and betray humanity, by violating a part it voluntarily signs."

"What is your exact stand on pacts?"

"We are ready, and always have been ready, to affix our signature to any document whose full requirements are foreseeable, and whose clear contents are honorable. Any other document is not for us. We will sign non-aggression pacts with all the world, provided only that we are treated alike. We will not sign a multilateral pact of mutual assistance in the East, for in no circumstances would Germany fight for the Bolshevists. In such a fight our nation simply would not march. Rather than form such a pact, I should hang myself."

"You would sign a non-aggression pact as a part of a multilateral pact in which other Powers pledged themselves to mutual assistance against an aggressor?"

"As an earnest of our good-will, yes; though we realize that such a pact would have unpleasant implications affecting Germany, and that to determine the aggressor in a war is far from easy. The point of our friendly disposition relative to non-aggression pacts is that they are pacts of non-attack, and we have no intention to attack."

"Justice to Germans"

"You are keen on the proposed Air Convention of mutual assistance in Western Europe?"

"We are. We proposed it. It would be a great instrument of reassurance and tranquillity."

"There are no territorial questions about which you would go to war?"

"None. We have renounced solemnly all such purposes. With our own blood beyond our boundaries, of course, we have a deep and constant sympathy. But we cannot make war on their account. What profit would there be in regaining a few hundred thousand souls at the cost of the slaughter of millions? For justice to Germany outside Germany we must depend upon the processes of peaceful development and the evolution of our common humanity."

"You think the futility and disaster of war were demonstrated conclusively in the years 1914-1918?"

"I do. As for Europe, it is not big enough for a war in modern conditions. That fact was pointed out the other day by General von Blomberg, head of the Reichswehr. War has been speeded up too much and made too overwhelmingly destructive for our geographical limitations. The motorization of armies is the miracle and the matchless terror of all time.

"Within an hour, aye, in some instances within 40 minutes, of the outbreak of hostilities, swift and powerful bombing planes would wreak a ruin upon the European capitals which could not be repaired in decades.

"Modern armies in Europe remind one of a 100 horsepower motorboat of a river that rides long. Think of Germany's massed heavy industries near her western frontier exposed to air attack and ask yourself why we should want war."

Intensely grim was the Fuehrer's smile.

"Do you feel there is any sincerity in Russia's expressed fear of Germany?"

"A strange fear, if it be a fear. We have no common frontier with Russia. Five hundred miles of Polish territory lie between us and Russia, and, as I have said, we have a treaty of peace with Poland. We have likely to violate Polish territory on a wild goose chase after the Bolshevists? As for our other eastern neighbors—those between us and Russia—we want to be on the friendliest of mutual respect and friendship with them as with Poland. We want them, as we want everybody, to have what we ourselves want—their own racial and national integralities.

"Bad Business"

"Please underline one fact which ought to be, for all the world, a bright light shining upon the New Germany."

"Yes?"

"We are, by conviction and basic tenet, not only non-imperialistic but anti-imperialistic. We have no wish to go about the world sweeping non-Germans within the ambit of our rule and our principles. Just as we do not wish to be assimilated, so we do not wish to assimilate others. We do not believe in it. We believe it to be, biologically no less than politically, bad business. We have quite enough to do to build up an orderly, just, and happy life for our own people. It is the one job we understand."

"That does not mean you would refuse to take back any of your former colonies which might be offered to you?"

"Those we should accept willingly, but this fact does not alter our attitude on the question of racial intermixture on a wholesale scale. Our return to the position of a colonial Power would have nothing to do with social assimilation one way or the other. It would be purely a matter of recognition of the equality of Germany with other great civilized Powers and giving her a fair competitive opportunity in the world economic struggle."

"This brings us to the League of Nations. What will you say about it?"

"That there is none, in any true sense. First, the League which exists lacks the membership of America, Japan and Germany—all great Powers. Second, it is an instrument, and from its birth has been an instrument, in the hands of the victors in the Great War. It has functioned exclusively from their point of view. It has divided the world into victors on the one hand and vanquished on the other.

"Germany has been kept well outside its conclusive councils, as her delegates at Versailles were kept outside the conference room till they were directed to enter and sign. *Enter and sign.* That has been the way of the so-called League with Germany. It will not do. The world can not find organized unity against war on those lines. The principles of Versailles are temporary. The principles of the League must be eternal. You can not mix Versailles and Geneva.

"National-Socialist Germany would return to the League if it were divorced from Versailles?"

"Loathing of War"

"If the principles of true equality were made bed-rock in the League, we should return. Our loathing of war, the horror and shame we feel in connection with war—any war, I mean, which is not a war of defence, not a war for the soul and the life of a people—this profound emotion impels us to action with others to establish peace once and for all. When the League of Nations shall be what it ought to be—the world's League and not the League of a group of Powers with its own point of view and policy—then Germany will not be the nation to cripple its efficiency by withholding her support."

"You favor the reduction and limitation of armaments?"

"We shall be happy to cut armaments to the lowest point to which the other Powers will go—cut them to that point and either keep them there or cut them further, as may be agreed."

"And you would consent to international inspection of armaments?"

"Any sort of inspection which applied all round and equally."

"Do you think Germany and France some day will be mutually trusting friends?"

"Yes. This age-old quarrel will take its place with forgotten follies and bitternesses some day. It must. Europe can not have a peace worthy of the name until it does. France can not liquidate us. We can not liquidate France. We are fixed forever in our conditions of neighborhood. Our true and abiding interests are identical. We repeatedly have appealed to France to close the old chapter. It will be closed eventually."

"Common Calamity"

"France thinks you are sure to fight a war of revenge if you get a chance."

"A misreading both of us and of history. Wars of revenge are out of date. At one time they could be fought with some hope of getting even, or better. Now they can be fought with only the certainty of a common calamity. In the old days a deliberate war-maker may have been, in some sense, a patriot. In these days he is a traitor: he leads his people into the Valley of the Shadow of Death. The New Germany is against war, not only because it does not pay, but because it rapes every instinct of civilized man."

"What would be your estimate of the international value of a good understanding among Germany, Britain and the United States?"

"It would be, in my opinion, of superlative political importance. It actively could have viewed from any standpoint, the faintest sinister aspect. Whatever may be thought abroad of Germany's harbouring ideas of revenge, ideas of aggression, America and Britain, surely, are not suspected of harbouring such purposes. A good understanding among America, Britain and Germany would constitute a moral fact, I think, decisive for the peace of the world."

"And how can such an understanding be promoted?"

"By the press."

"Which would mean that the press must understand the New Germany?"

"Vital."

"Will you put the New Germany in a few words?"

"I will. First, it must be understood that we have a New Germany. It must be understood that there has been a *complete supersession* in this country. We revere our traditions, we are loyal Germans, we love and honor those who have striven for us and died for us, but we are a New Germany. We face the future with a new inspiration and a new motive. The old fetters have been broken. We are changed men in a changed world. Grasp that.

"We have a Germany which is German—something we never had before in the same kind and degree. We have put down Marxism, Communism and chaos. We have displaced the men who brought the State to a condition of utter political and economic collapse. We have smashed the wrangling and impotent parties.

"Dictator the Nation"

"The people and the Government have become one. The entire opposition in the country is less than 2,500,000, whereas more than 40,000,000 have taken the pains definitely to register their confidence in the new order. Jewish domination of Germany is gone—intellectually, professionally, financially—we no longer allow one person *minus* to hold sway over ninety-nine persons *plus*. The peculiar ethics and technique of that performance have been abolished. Germany is ruled today, not by a numerically insignificant segment of the population, but by the population as a whole. That is National Socialism's idea of democracy."

"You claim, then, that you have democracy in Germany now?"

"We have democracy by the only test of the people getting the form of government they vote for."

"But you have a dictatorship!"

"We have a dictatorship, but not of politicians. The dictator in National-Socialist Germany is, and always will be, the *nation.*"

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AAA and NRA Chief Obstacles to Foreign Trade Revival—Mooney

World Demand Sets Price of Basic Commodities, Says President of Export Association

By JAMES D. MOONEY,

President of the American Manufacturers' Export Association.

As Told to EARL REEVES.

SEVERAL important factors promise us continued improvement in foreign trade. Some of these are:

1—In many leading nations of the world there has been a distinct swing of public opinion away from the recently dominant ideas of Economic Nationalism.

Leaders of many nations have learned that the system of various types of trade barriers built up in an endeavor to gain advantages actually has been harmful to industry, business and to the people of those nations.

Signs of this change in conviction—as shown in the loosening of trade restrictions—are not numerous as yet chiefly because leaders have not yet worked out "a technique of retreat" from their previous positions.

The system of barrier tariffs and quotas has been many years in building, and reversal of this trend cannot be swift. But in many nations there are signs that when leadership "learns how," measures will be adopted permitting freer flow of world trade. Of that trade the United States will get its share.

JAMES D. MOONEY

2—The reciprocal trade agreements being negotiated by our State Department definitely promise improved trade conditions. Secretary Hull spoke truly when he said, on the occasion of the signing of the first one—that with Brazil on Feb. 2—that the agreement constituted "the first break in the log jam of international trade." Fifteen other agreements then were pending.

Foreign "economic nationalists," in some instances, expected—under the "most favored nation" principle—to share in the provisions of such reciprocal trade agreements as were signed, automatically, and regardless of the stringency of their own regulations covering American imports.

Roosevelt Acts on Discrimination

Through instructions to the Treasury on April 1, President Roosevelt made it clear that benefits under these agreements will be *denied* to countries which discriminate against our commerce.

Adherence to this position should "encourage" foreign statesmen to hasten their re-examination and revision of tariff and quota policies. Those who do not do so will not have equality of opportunity in reaching the world's biggest market, the United States.

When Administration policies do not do the things they set out to do and second, when they ten[illegible] to destroy rather than restore domestic equilibrium, then it seems to me logical and necessary that programs based upon them should be re-examined and altered.

Optimistic Over Trade Situation

No amount of manipulative theorizing will erase fundamental facts. During a seven-year period, 1927-33, of our total production of certain commodities we sold abroad the following percentages: cotton, 56; tobacco leaf, 39; wheat, 18; lard, 28; dried fruits, 45; kerosene, 30; lubricating oil, 24; gum rosin, 61; typewriters, 40; motorcycles, 54; agricultural implements, 24; turpentine, 40; sewing machines, 23.

We must buy from abroad in order to sell abroad. Or there are two alternatives:

First, loan billions abroad for later default, as we did for a decade—with disastrous losses for so many.

Second, try Europe's harmful mistake of attempting economic isolation." In the case of cotton, for instance, that would wipe out at a stroke the livelihood of 2,700,000, or half the population in Texas alone.

No too many of our people have too much at stake—and Americans of most of all with 30 per cent of its product for export, we cannot practice "economic isolation."

On the contrary, and primarily for the purpose of rehabilitating Agriculture we must develop a two-way foreign trade. We cannot merely export; we must take in goods in exchange. Distribution of these items in, in the main, things which we cannot produce.

But one thing it is worth noting that the extreme proponents of restriction of imports on the theory that imports d'prive Americans of jobs lose sight of a well-proved fact

Analysis shows that import goods having a value of 1 per cent 830 pay duty and create jobs and payment for services to a total of $70 distributed through dock labor, trucking, transportation, wholesaling, retailing, advertising delivery etc

I have noted here both favorable and unfavorable factors influencing our foreign trade situation. While I have mentioned obstacles it should be clear that I am optimistic.

Month by month the world situation has become more favorable to free flow of international trade and it is very certain indeed that this aids recovery in the United States.

We need and must have world trade. We should seek it intelligently.

McIntyre Satisfies Boyhood Desire: He Owns Champion English Bulldog

Canine Pet Will Have House of His Own, Large Yard and Dog Pals to Play With

By O. O. McINTYRE

SINCE the first pair of long trousers, I've wanted to own one of those ferocious-looking, undershot and bowlegged English bulldogs that waddle, wheeze and fall over their own lumbering feet.

That sort of a dog was the symbol of the flashy sport during my adolescence. Life, Judge, Puck and all the funny papers pictured the ran-rah boy with a postage stamp cap, peg top trousers, dinky coat and a Raymond Hitchcock forelock leading an English bulldog across the campus.

The wealthiest man's son in our town had one when he breezed back from Marietta College. He also had a goose-necked pipe with his initials inset in silver in the bowl.

My admiration for the English bulldog has grown steadily. Which is a preamble to the fact I have just come into ownership of one of the American champions of this breed.

He has enough blue ribbons to make several blankets and a row of winning cups that would stretch across a country club mantel. Most dog men on the west coast have heard of "Dauntless Personality," who cleaned up at many dog shows. He was raised by J. A. Strong, not a commercial dog man but raised them because of his love for the breed. "Dauntless Personality" is a gift from Mr. Strong.

The pup's name is, of course, too bunglesome. So we have shortened the Personality" to just "Percy," which I think is a clownish and sissy name for such a he-dog. Anyway, "Percy" is to be the cock-of-the-walk of a small Ohio domain we have recently purchased. He will have a house of his own and the freedom of a large yard and several dog pals to romp with.

He will become the friend of the postmaster, Albert Merriman, the banker, Harry Maddy, Judge Henry Cherrington, Editor Earl Mauck, Frank Vance, a dog fancier in his own right, the police chief, sheriff and dozens who pass our place. Dogs have an inexhaustible supply of affection to share and I'm certain there will be an appropriate slice for his mistress and master when they round in for a week end or so.

"Percy" will, I hope, find everybody his friend and be everybody's friend. A champion dog is all that or he would not be a champion.

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ANTOINETTE PERRY has been doing excellent things in the theatre in association with the astute Brock Pemberton. She is the widow of the rich public utility magnate, Frank W. Fruceauff, once Henry L. Doherty's only partner, and a fine actress in her own right. She was David Warfield's leading lady in that memorable masterpiece, "The Music Master."

Miss Perry is from Denver and her daughter, Margaret Perry, is following her footsteps as leading lady in a melodrama she and Pemberton are currently presenting.

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A TERRORIZING book: "The House on the Roof Top." A prose work of simplicity and great beauty: "Time Out of Mind." An interesting biography: "The American Talleyrand (Martin Van Buren)". A close-up of Peru as only Christopher Morley can do it: "Hasta La Vista."

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POOR Gladys George! She is the obscure stock actress who flashed to stardom in a hit play of the year. But much of her success has been wormwood.

Matrimonial troubles have beset her. Midnight raids. Accusations of frame-ups and all the nasty business that seems necessary to fulfill New York's absurd divorce laws. She has attained her goal. But she would just as soon be out yonder.

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THE TYPE of mind that would pore respectable ladies' bar 'n ga guds forms with nude gentlemen, all glossed over with photographic trickery for extortion purposes, seems incredible to even fairly decent folk. But it does exist, as has been proved by arrests.

Every form of extortion is indicative of the mud bottom low of human depravity. The kidnaper is stired by extortion instincts, just as were balm racket girls who flourished so long. Stiff terms in prison furnishes the only salvation from their meanness.

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A BROADWAY columnist tells of the gold mine millionaire, Duncan MacMartin, phoning every now and then from his Canadian fastness to Broadway night clubs for favorite tunes and songs to be especially rendered. Sometimes the toll alone is $60. Then again it all may be a press agent hoopdedo for the performers. Lots of antics are performed over dead phones.

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LUCIUS BEEBE, photographed for a high noon wedding, observed: "I feel like an animated bolt of broadcloth."

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ONE WONDERS what sort of sadistic satisfaction a trembling old man, such as Clarence Darrow, finds in proclaiming apropos of nothing, he "knows there is no God." The stupendous agotism of such an utterance condemns the source. But to try to destroy the happy faith of millions of people stamps the man.

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O. O. McIntyre is a regular feature of the Boston Evening American.

Mrs. Binks Gives Her Decision on What Makes Successful Invention

The Test Is Whether Mr. Binks Spends Any Money On It; If Not, It's a Success

By ARTHUR "BUGS" BAER

"IT'S a very nice Sunday morning," said Mrs. Binks to the ever-loving Henry, "and I don't want you to spoil it with improvements."

"H'mm," Henry said in a few languages.

"The air is balmy," continued the good woman, "and I don't want it any balmier. It's just right. So don't invent a machine to cool it off or heat it up. The sun is shining from the south. And I don't want you to rig up a set of mirrors to make it shine from the north."

"Uh?" Henry interpolated in a sort of brown study. He was almost on the scientific verge of discovering a startling machine that would take the knots out of shoelaces. Which would be a boon to busy left-handed cobblers.

"No," Mrs. Binks resumed, not knowing that she had knocked a couple of freight cars out of Henry's train of thought, "I'd like things just the way they are. Do you hear me?"

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THAT derailed the caboose. Henry looked up.

"Yes, dearie," he said, "what were you talking about?"

"About you," his wife stressed and stormed. "Why don't you pay attention?"

Henry explained he was thinking. His new machine would revolutionize the knot industry.

"How much would it cost retail?" asked Mrs. Binks.

"Eleven dollars," Henry figured.

"And a set of shoelaces," said the wife, "costs five cents brand new, freight on board and blueragled. Wouldn't it be cheaper to throw away the shoelaces and the machine? It's a left-handed cobbler's own fault for working his fingernails down so short he couldn't pick up a sack of flour with a pair of ice tongs. Your invention is a flop. There will never be any demand for it."

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"IT'S JUST an idea," meekled Henry.

"You sure haven't spent any money on it?" Mrs. Binks wanted to know.

"Not a bruised dime," Henry assured her.

"Then it's a success," said his wife. "What's the good of all these crackpot inventions?"

"We are living in a machine age," Henry said.

"That," interrupted Mrs. Binks, "is what the sausage said when he was in the grinder. But he wasn't living."

Henry paid no attention to this flippant retortle. "We are living in an age of progress," he continued. "The machine reduces the sum total of human slavery. It does the work of man and enables him to enjoy more leisure, to gambol in the sunshine, to spend more hours with his loving wife and his charming family."

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"IT DOES that when it works," his wife commented, "but your inventions never work. They are busteroos and floppodoosa, as they used to remark in ancient Greece."

"Never was there," said Henry.

"Neither was I," said his wife, "but I know that your great ideas all turn as sour as pickled meat."

"No man," sadly mused Henry, who had studied musing in European musing conservatories, "is a hero to his valet, a genius to his wife or a prophet in his own country."

"That's right," Mrs. Binks summed up. "You ain't all three at once, and in the same general locality. You're a mind reader and a sharpshooter. Like all great men, you possess the power of self-analysis.

"No, as a special treat to you, I'm going to allow you to shell the beans for dinner. If you can invent a machine to do the work and give you more time in the sunshine, okay with me. If you don't invent the machine, it's kayo, too. Either way, you will be in the bosom of your family and surrounded by sympathetic relatives. There's the beans. Let's see 'em pop. You've got thirty minutes."

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NO LABOR-SAVING devices shelled the beans. A man by the name of Henry Binks did the work.

And he did it in thirty minutes, in the center of an admiring circle of kibitzers, advisers and experts who constituted the Binks menage. Such a machine may have been whirling in Henry's brain. But the pulleys were attached only to Henry's ten busy little fingers.

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THEY LOOK AT THEIR REFLECTIONS AND MAKE FLATTERING CORRECTIONS

IN OUR TOWN

Erasmus Duke, Great Gambler

ERASMUS DUKE was the smarest young fellow in Our Town.

He was a great sport.

His mother, Mirabel Duke, took in washing to send Erasmus through High School, but Erasmus did not care for school.

He preferred being a sport.

He was a wonderful crap shooter, and played a fine game of stud poker.

He used to play stud poker in the game in the back room of Beverly's cigar store, where you could see the best stud poker players for miles around.

Erasmus Duke always won.

When it came to shooting craps, Erasmus could make the dice fairly talk. Everybody said he was a natural born gambler, and would probably wind up rich.

He was wonderfully shrewd about making bets. Erasmus Duke would bet on anything. He would bet on horse races, baseball games, elections, or anything else, and he had such remarkable judgment that he never lost a bet.

Finally Erasmus Duke got so good at all kinds of gambling that nobody in Our Town would play cards with him, or bet with him.

So Erasmus Duke said he guessed he would seek new fields to conquer. Everybody thought that was the right decision because he had outgrown Our Town.

Everybody said Erasmus Duke would undoubtedly find a great career somewhere else in the world. So Erasmus Duke packed a suitcase, and said goodbye to everyone in town, including his mother, Mirabel, and set forth on his travels, with plenty of money in his pocket.

Mirabel was still taking in washing.

She was sorry to see Erasmus go away, but she felt like everybody else that his style was too cramped in Our Town.

By Damon Runyon

Mirabel said she sometimes regretted Erasmus' choice of a profession, but that it was better than her late husband's anyway. Mirabel's late husband was Clem Duke. Clem had not worked up to the time of his death since the Spanish-American War.

Our Town waited eagerly to hear of Erasmus Duke's conquests in greater fields. We expected to hear any minute that he had beat Rockefeller out of his fortune in a crap game, or on a bet of some kind, Erasmus was so smart.

But no word came of him for a long time.

Then a shoe salesman out of St. Louis came along, and he said he had met Erasmus Duke in St. Louis, which was Erasmus' first stop after leaving Our Town.

He said Erasmus was broke.

It seems Erasmus went broke betting that St. Louis was the biggest town in the world.

Copyright, 1935, by Damon Runyon

STRANGEST THING

$1

The Boston Sunday Advertiser will pay $1 each for every "Strangest Thing I Ever Saw," printed. Address strangest Thing Editor, Boston Sunday Advertiser, Box 2225, Boston, Mass.

A robin standing on a sheep's back picking out wool for his nest. FRED B. LASKEY, Robinhood, Me.

Smiles

Two golfers, excellent friends, who, like so many players, enjoyed ragging each other about their play, had just completed the course.

"Jerry," remarked one of them, "you realy should have a man to follow you round and replace the turf."

"The same man," replied Jerry, "could make a day of it by following you round and resurfing the place."—Brantford Expositor.

⊛ ⊛ ⊛

He was taking his girl friend to the opera for the first time but he thought it would be the correct thing to act as though he himself went at least once a week.

"Have you ever tried listening to the opera with your eyes shut?" he asked his fair companion, as a particularly fine aria was sung.

A voice from over his shoulder boomed out: "Young man, have you ever tried listening to the opera with your mouth shut?"—Pathfinder.

⊛ ⊛ ⊛

First Hobo (surveying stream of pleasure seekers)—"I 'ates 'oldays."

Second Hobo—"Yes, makes yer feel common when nobody ain't workin'."—Case and Comment.

Joe Runt Learns by Bitter Experience All About a 'Hunch'

By MILT GROSS

JOE RUNT happens to overhear his boss gassing to his partner, Pigott. "Funny thing about that psychological emotion known as a 'hunch,'" Joe Runt's boss is saying.

"I well remember on one occasion while vacationing in the woods I raised my axe, about to chop down a tree, when suddenly a voice from nowhere at all said clearly, 'Stop!' Sure enough, I stopped in time to discover that it wasn't a tree at all, but due to leaving my specs behind in camp I had been about to chop down Pierre, our guide, and it was his voice that had warned me."

So Joe Runt is getting a load of this and just then a voice seems to say to him, "Hey, pipe this! The boss left a cigar on the desk. Nab it!"

⊛ ⊛ ⊛

SO JOE RUNT thinks this hunch business is real hot stuff and a swell thing to take heed of, so he pockets the snipe and hotfoots home with it. And after dinner he's all stretched out in the easy chair and is taking the first couple of drags when a voice seems to say to him, "Lay offn that cigar! It's loaded, and the boss just left it on your desk for a plant, so's you'd light it and get your beak blown off."

So Joe Runt snags the snipe out of his pan and puts it down on the table, and he warns everybody to keep away from it on the ground that it's going to explode any minute.

So pretty soon everyone in the house is packing, and there's a mob standing around outside all with their fingers in their ears and at a safe distance. And the word gets around that there's going to be a big explosion, and someone calls the police station, and a detail from the bomb squad shows up just as Joe Runt is leaving for the office carting a valise full of accounts that the boss told him to work overtime on.

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SO ON THE WAY down to the office Joe Runt has to stop at the bank to pick up a statement, and three of the cops who have been following him stop short and one of them says, "I got it, boys. A hunch! Something tells me he's a nut that's heading for the bank with a satchel full of dynamite, and he's goin' to threaten to blow the whole joint up."

So the cops put through a call for the full squad and a couple of fire trucks, and the newspapers get wind of it and extras come out saying, "Maniac at Large with Satchel Full of High Explosives; Threatens Bank."

And the cops sneak in behind Joe Runt and wigwag the bank officers to empty the place, and then suddenly swoop the satchel out of his mitts and douse it in a tub of water, and start working on Joe Runt. And all Joe Runt seems to hear is voices saying, "Come on! Come clean! Why d'ja do it? Who's payin' ya to blow up th' bank?" and other similar questions.

And besides all that, he's got to answer the boss on how the month's accounts came to get soaked in a tub of water and all the ink washed away.

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LAFS

$1

The Boston Sunday Advertiser will pay $1 each for every "Laf" printed. Laf Editor, Boston Sunday Advertiser, Box 2225, Boston, Mass.

Mechanic (to pilot about to take off): Check your plane, sir?

Pilot: No, I'll take it with me.

LAWRENCE HOPCROFT.
65 Rosewood St., Mattapan.

Wit and Wisdom

A business man, who had to leave on a journey before the end of a case begun against him by a neighbor, gave orders to his lawyer to let him know the result by telegraph. After several days he got the following telegram: "Right has triumphed." He at once telegraphed back, "Appeal immediately."—Il Mundo Umoristico.

⊛ ⊛ ⊛

The possibility of a landslide so intimidated the inhabitants of a little village that one couple decided to send their son, aged nine, to an uncle until the danger had passed. Three days later they received a telegram: "Am returning boy. Please send landslide instead."—Tid Bits.

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Women generally are divided into two classes. Those who have had operations and those who have lost the set from their engagement rings.—Jewell (Kan.) Republican.

⊛ ⊛ ⊛

"Five pounds!" exclaimed a parishioner. "Is that all the squire is giving to the church fund? Why, he ought to give at least fifty!"

"Ah," said the vicar gently, "I expect he forgot the 'ought'!"—London Opinion.

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Poet—Do you think there is any chance of my getting this poem in your magazine?

Editor—There may be. I'm not going to live forever.—Florida Times-Union.

⊛ ⊛ ⊛

Salesman—"Now, it the car engine does get overheated—"

Flapper—"I suppose I turn off the radiator?"—Smith's Weekly.

⊛ ⊛ ⊛

"Has your daughter had a good musical education?"

"Rather. Name any gramophone record and she can tell you what's on the other side."—L'illustre.

⊛ ⊛ ⊛

"How did you happen to break your leg?"

"I threw a cigarette down the hatch and then stepped on it."—The Leatherneck.

CUTEST THING

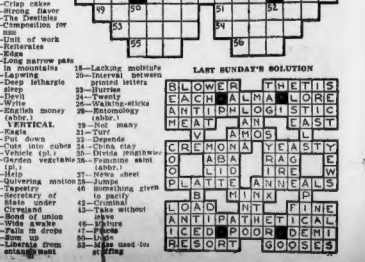
$1

The Boston Sunday Advertiser will pay $1 each for every "Cutest Thing My Baby Said," printed. Address Cutest Thing Editor, Boston Sunday Advertiser, Box 2225, Boston, Mass.

One November morning my little boy about 2½ years old ran from his bed to the window and said with excitement, "Oooh! Mama, come see all the milk on the roof." It was the first time he had seen snow.

JOHN LARUE.
19 Basswood St., Lawrence.

Sunday Advertiser Crossword Puzzle



HORIZONTAL

1—Old age (post.)
4—Mineral spring
7—Characteristic
9—Pertaining to oil
11—Remedy for bruises
12—Tendon
14—Malt liquor
15—Hangs down
17—Insane
19—Members of a leading political party (abbr.)
21—Number (pl.)
22—Successor
24—Qualities of moisture
25—Boil on eyelid
26—Wary
28—Small quantity
29—Goes without food
30—Seasoning
33—Garment
35—Period of time (pl.)
36—Hoes
37—Churn
39—Crisp cakes
41—Strong flavor
42—The Dentines
44—Composition for nuts
45—Unit of work
46—Retaliates
48—Edge
49—Long narrow pass in mountains
51—Ladyfish
53—Deep lethargic sleep
54—Devil
55—Wife
56—English money (abbr.)

VERTICAL

1—Exists
2—Put down
3—Cuts into cubes
4—Vehicle (pl.)
5—Garden vegetable (pl.)
6—Help
7—Quivering motion
8—Tapestry
9—Secretary of State under Cleveland
10—Bond of union
11—Wide awake
13—Falls in drops
14—Sum up
16—Liberals from entanglement
18—Lacking moisture
20—Interval between printed letters
23—Nurses
24—Twenty
26—Walking-sticks
28—Entomology (abbr.)
29—Not many
31—Turf
32—Depends
34—Fermented mint (abbr.)
35—News sheet
38—Jumps
40—Something given to pacify
42—Criminal
43—Take without leave
46—Mixture
47—Pieces
50—Dads
52—Miss used for stirring

LAST SUNDAY'S SOLUTION

B	L	O	W	E	R		T	H	E	T	I	S		
E	A	C	H		A	L	M	A		L	O	R	E	
A	N	T	I		P	H	L	O	G	I	S	T	I	C
M	E	A	T			A	N		E	A	S	T		
				A	M	O	S							
C	R	E	M	O	N	A		Y	E	A	S	T	Y	
O			A	B	A			R	A	G		E		
O		L	I	D				I	R	E		W		
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R	E	S	O	R	T			G	O	O	S	E	S	

JUNIOR BIRDMEN OF AMERICA

DEVOTED TO THE INTEREST OF AMERICAN YOUTH IN AVIATION

LAWRENCE SHAW — NATIONAL DIRECTOR

TODAY PILOTS OF MODELS—TOMORROW'S MODEL PILOTS!

Entries for Model Plane Races Must Be Filed Before May 28

Contestants Urged to Start Building Without Delay

By L. F. ROSS
Boston Wing Commander

All Junior Birdmen, planning to enter the big annual outdoor model plane air races to be held on Saturday, June 1 at Franklin Field, are reminded that their entry blanks must be filled in and returned to Boston wing headquarters not later than Tuesday, May 28.

There is still time for all girls and boys to apply for their rule books and build the models which they will fly in the three events of the tournament. An entry blank will be found enclosed in the rule book.

Leslie B. Stuart

The rule books are free and will be sent to all members upon request. They give all the information that the contestant needs, including the specifications of models, prizes, procedure during the meet and regulations which will govern the tournament.

More than 60 boys and girls have already filed their official entries indicating their plans to fight for the big prizes which will be awarded to the winners. The chief award will be the title of wing champion, the champion's silver trophy and a free trip to Los Angles to compete in the national tournament.

Handsome gold, silver and bronze medals and certificates of proficiency will be given to first, second, third, fourth and fifth place winners in each of the three events. This means that at least 18 winners will share in the prizes.

In addition, members who are Eagles, have the chance to win their Ace bars by participating in all of the events and winning from a first to fifth place in any of the three. The events consist of an all-flains glider event, a stick model event and a cabin (commercial) model event.

The annual Indoor and Outdoor tournament of the Junior Birdmen are the most important model plane flying contests held in this country and draws hundreds of competitors.

This year's outdoor meet for the Boston wing at Franklin Field is expected to far surpass the 1934 classic which was held in the Playstead of Franklin Park.

There will be more contestants and probably better flight records.

Youths from Maine, New Hampshire and Rhode Island are included among those who have registered. The latest entries are: Leslie B. Stuart, 17, of Cranston, R. I.; Melvin Wittenberg, 12, of Boston; Leonard Wittenberg, 15, of Boston; Butler Conant, 16, of Cambridge; John H. Richard, 13, of Wilton, N. H.; Richard Dyer, 15, of Framingham; Jordan Rosenberg, 16, of Cambridge; Constantine A. Pappas, 15, of Dorchester.

JUNIOR BIRDMEN AIR COURSE

Prepared and written by the

—UNITED STATES—
BUREAU OF AIR COMMERCE

This is the 23d lesson in the Junior Birdmen Air Course, prepared by the United States Bureau of Air Commerce. You can obtain a booklet containing the reprint of the first 26 lessons of this course by writing to the Junior Birdmen Wing Headquarters, care of this newspaper, inclosing five cents for cost and mailing. Write your name and full address plainly.

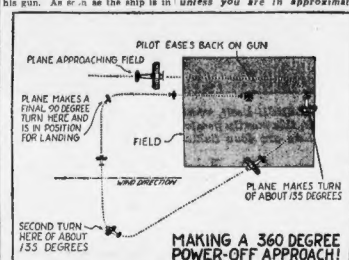
LESSON 33

"360 Degree Power-Off Approach"

The 360 degree turn power-off approach is designed to teach you to maneuver your airplane into a field which is directly beneath you, and when you are flying the plane against the wind and must turn 360 degrees, to be able to land into the wind. It is one of the approaches you may have to make in event of a forced landing.

When you are in the air your instructor tells you to watch him do the first one. You nod your understanding.

The instructor flies the ship up to a point directly over the portion of the field in which he intends to land, and at approximately 1,500 feet altitude. Then he eases back his gun. As soon as the ship is in


PILOT EASES BACK ON GUN
PLANE APPROACHING FIELD
PLANE MAKES A FOR 90 DEGREE TURN HERE AND IS IN POSITION FOR LANDING
FIELD
WIND DIRECTION
PLANE MAKES TURN OF ABOUT 135 DEGREES
SECOND TURN HERE OF ABOUT 135 DEGREES

MAKING A 360 DEGREE POWER-OFF APPROACH!

maneuver. It is at this point that you must use your judgment of speed, altitude, wind velocity and your position with relation to the field. For, if you misjudge any of these elements, you may miss the spot which you have selected for landing.

The instructor warns you that unless you are in approximately a normal glide he makes a sharp turn to one side or the other, depending on which way he has decided to make his approach. As the ship glides along he explains the various moves of the approach to you.

The first turn was one of about 135 degrees, and he explains that the form of the 360-degree approach on the ground is that of a large triangle, which necessitates that the first two turns be greater than 90 degrees so that when the third and last turn is made it can be the normal 90-degree approach that you learned earlier in this course.

After the first turn is made the next turn is to be made past the back boundary of your field, and far enough to the side of the path you intend to use in landing, so that you can bring the plane into a good position for the 90-degree approach.

It is this second turn, in which you are putting the plane into the position from which you must land, that is the crucial moment in the *proper position at this key turning point, the whole maneuver will be spoiled, since the use of any power to help you renders the practice of no value to the student. He should be conscientious in his power-off practice and not help himself out of any difficulties with the use of the engine until he sees that he has placed the airplane in such a position that it will be impossible to maneuver it to the field with power off.*

The most common faults that the student will commit will be failing to watch the field in which he is going to land (this is very important throughout the entire maneuver since it is the basis of his judgment of speed, altitude, and distance), not watching for other planes, trying to stretch the glide, gliding too fast or too slow, and turning with too much rudder and too little bank.

As time goes on and you become more and more familiar with your plane, the power-off maneuvers will become very easy for you. But first you must learn the proper technique of each maneuver, and then you must practice them with diligence and intelligence.

Your instructor tells you to land and he warns you of these faults which he described to you in the air. And he again cautions you of the obvious mistakes which the student is prone to make in power-off work. First, the use of too much rudder, and, second, the sloppy use of all controls.

Next Sunday our lesson will deal with forced landings. This is an important article!

'BLIND' STUDY PLANNED

Eighteen regular army instructors on duty with the national guard squadrons throughout the United States are to assemble at Rockwell Field for a special two weeks' course in blind flying, to become acquainted with the latest developments in equipment.

USE THIS FOR CONTEST

I am a member of the Boston Wing of the Junior Birdmen and wish to enter the Outdoor Air Races at Franklin Field on Saturday, June 1. Please send me free contest manual containing the rules and model specifications.

PRINT PLAINLY WITH PENCIL

Name .....

Street Address .....

City or Town ..... State .....

Membership Number .....

Mail this coupon to Junior Birdmen, 100 Summer St., Boston.

Kit Makers and Buyers Benefit Under Institute

By IRWIN POLK
Institute Supervisor

The Junior Birdmen Institute service, in the eight months of its existence, has won national recognition and respect by important outlets of sales of materials and kits to model builders.

Manufacturers and merchandising marts, alike, have been quick to see the merits of this unusual organization, and hundreds of letters, congratulating the institute on its fine work in campaigning against inferior and incomplete merchandise sold to boys and girls throughout the country, have been received.

Birdmen members and non-members have been responsive to the fine service which the institute is giving. Junior Birdmen approved merchandise, which includes all

JUNIOR BIRDMEN OF AMERICA INSTITUTE

Buy products with this seal.

materials and kits used by model builders, is the finest obtainable. Be sure that when you purchase supplies or kits the carton bears the Junior Birdmen Seal of Approval. It is your guarantee of satisfaction.

All manufacturers of model plane equipment have been informed of this unusual service and have been asked to submit their products for test by the institute. Many have already received the seal of approval which now appears on their cartons. Others, because of inferior merchandise, lack of proper plans or printed directions, or for other reasons, have been refused the seal. At the present time the institute laboratory staff is at work with the products of nine manufacturers.

Lend your aid to this great work. Buy products which bear the Junior Birdmen Institute Seal of Approval. If your local stores don't carry them, ask them to.

Following is the list of manufacturers and products which bear the seal of approval up to and including May, 1935:

Ideal Aeroplane & Supply Co.—Super Detail Stinson Kit, Tri-Cut-Nits; International Models Co.—Finished Pastavana Wood Propellers, Steel Type 6 to "32"; Standard Type 4, Steel "26," Standard Navy Type 6 to "15," Three Bladed 6 to "15." Plain Propeller Shafts 2351 and 2352, and Ball Bearing Shafts 2340 and 2350; Comet Model Airplane Co.—Arrows, Bullet Jet, Dart, Dipper, Monocoupe and Curtiss Robin Kits; Dickerson Aircraft Manufacturing—Orange Fly Junior, Scout and Glider; Donald F. Duncan Inc.—Sail Plane, Hedge Hopper, Humming Bird, Indoor Commercial, 16 in. Flying Model, Line consisting of 7 models, 12 in. Flying model line consisting of 4 models, Shooting Star and Sky Scout Gliders; Pittsburgh Scale Model—Wood Filler Block No. 2; Model Airplane Co.—Curtiss Robin Kit "26."

Cardinal Corporation—Multi-Knife and interchangeable blades Nos. 1, 2, 5, 10, 15 and 15; Robert J. Hetherington—Balsa stripper; Model Airplane & Supply Co.—Ruggeri cement and Nitrate dope; Whitfield Paper Works—Parachute tissue, silk Yashino, no cream, an white, bamboo, an colored, and wood veneer; Berkeley Model Supplies—Fokker triplane kit; Warren Model Airplane Shop—Acetate, dope, banana oil and Anchorlonic & Miller—Magneton set.

Paul Jones Inc.—16 in and 14 in. gliders, Kit 150 A to X, Line 150 AA to FF, Line 300 A to E, line 300-S A to L, Line 500 A to C and Instruction series A to F; Amherst Company—Amherst cement; National Lacquer Manufacturing—Model airplane cement I and 2; Model Aircraft Engineering Co.—Modelite dope kit; R. H. Mc Whirr Model Airplane Co.—Air wheels 1¼ in. to 4½ in.; Scientific Wood Filler Inc.—Balsa wood filler and Robert C. Morrison Co. —Air Scout kit.

DICTIONARY LIST No. 70

This is list No. 70 in the Air Dictionary series:

Tractor Airplane—An airplane with the propeller or propellers in front of the wing.

Tractor Propeller—A propeller mounted in front of the engine.

Tractor-Pusher Airplane—An airplane with propellers both in front of and in back of the wing.

Traffic Control Projector—A projector that throws a beam of light designed to give signals to a pilot.

Trailing Edge—The rear edge of any surface.

Trajectory Band—A band of welding carried in a special curve over the surface of the envelope of an airship, designed to distribute the stresses due to the suspension of the car.

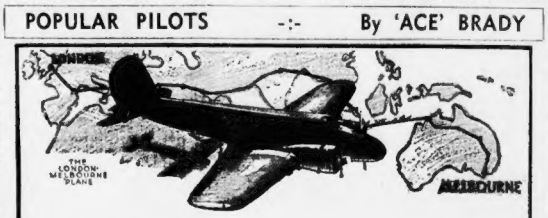
Triplane—An airplane with three main wings, one above the other.

Truss—Any strut, wire, spar, brace, etc., designed to take the load off the wings and transfer it to the fuselage.

Tuning Up—The act of adjusting the motor preparatory to flight.

Turbulent Flow—Any flow which, due to changing speed or direction, is uneven.

POPULAR PILOTS -:- By 'ACE' BRADY



COLONEL ROSCOE TURNER

NEVER LOST A SHIP AND NEVER "BAILED OUT" WAS DISCHARGED AS FIRST LIEUTENANT OF THE AIR SERVICE IN 1919. WAS THE FIRST TO LOWER AN AIRPLANE SUCCESSFULLY BY A PARACHUTE COMPLETELY TO THE GROUND. THE FIRST TO EVER OPERATE A HIGH SPEED AIRLINE. MADE ROUND TRIP LOS ANGELES TO NEW YORK SPEED RECORD IN 1934 AND HOLDS OTHER INTER-CITY SPEED RECORDS AND MANY PRIZES. FLYING A STOCK COMMERCIAL PLANE, HE AND DANGBORN WON THIRD PLACE IN THE LONDON-MELBOURNE RACE

COLONEL ROSCOE TURNER says:

"I have always followed the Junior Birdmen organization and I think it is a great asset to aviation. I am very happy to be an Honorary Member and will always do whatever I can to help the Birdmen keep America air-minded."

Insignia No. 67

THIS IS the official insignia of the 21st Photo Section of the U. S. Army Air Corps, located at Scott Field, Belleville, Ill.

SQUADRON NEWS

GOLDEN ACES Squadron of Framingham. Kent Lane, commander.

At the first meeting the charter was framed. Allen Martin pinned the captain's bar on his wings. Freeman Fawcon and Irving Fletcher were elected to plan special meetings, contests, trips, etc. A Junior Birdman Handbook library will be kept.

AMELIA EARHART Squadron of Newburyport. Jean Hill, commander.

Winifred Bishop and Marion Turk read articles about Amelia Earhart at a meeting held at the home of the former. Margaret Zabriskie is planning to join the unit. A model glider has been completed and considerable time was spent flying it.

BLACK ACES Squadron of West Newton. Arthur Graham, commander.

A model plane contest was held, judged by the commander. The winners were as follows: First, an S. E. 5A, submitted by Captain Richard Graham; second, a Martin bomber, submitted by Alfred Brummer; third, a Curtiss Hawk, submitted by Thomas LaPlamme, and fourth, a Curtiss Conder, submitted by William Stuart. The winner was awarded a flying scale Monocoupe model kit.

COBRA PATROL Squadron of West Quincy. Raymond Berio, commander.

Elections, Program committee, Captain Joseph Splaine and Leonard Berio; proficiency committee, James Kingham and Joseph Perkins, Joseph Manning, Leonard Berio and Alan Watson are new members. For two weeks an exhibition of model planes and the plans they were made from was held in the public library windows.

AIR PASSENGERS GAIN

Civil airplanes in the United States carried 1,850,031 passengers in 1934, according to the U. S. Bureau of Air Commerce. In the previous year the total was 1,739,275.

GET YOUR -WINGS-

The Junior Birdmen of America is an aviation organization. Membership is open to all boys and girls 10 to 21 years of age, in the U. S. and Canada. To enroll fill out this coupon, enclose ten cents for your wings and membership card and mail to

JUNIOR BIRDMEN OF AMERICA
Boston Sunday Advertiser Wing
100 Summer St., Boston, Mass.

I wish to become a member of the Junior Birdmen of America. I enclose a ten-cent coin (well wrapped) to cover the cost of my membership materials.

(PRINT IN PENCIL)

My name .....
My address .....
My city ..... State.....
My age now is .....GIVE YOUR CORRECT AGE

Note: Do not send stamps.

Fate of Aviation Is Up to Birdmen, Foulois Asserts

The recent talk by General B. D. Foulois, chief of the U. S. Army Air Corps, on the Junior Birdmen birthday program, broadcast through the courtesy of the U. S. Army band, has won nation-wide attention.

For the benefit of members who did not listen to this important program, General Foulois' talk is published herewith:

"It affords me great pleasure to extend cordial greetings to the thousands of boys and girls who are affiliated with the Junior Birdmen of America, a national organization which bids fair to play an ever increasing part in the progress of aviation in this country. I congratulate this up-and-coming organization on its first birthday anniversary.

"Aviation presents an appeal to youth equalled by no other line of endeavors. Aviation is a romantic, exciting, adventurous experience which lifts them out of everyday existence. As the Junior Birdmen grow older they will come to realize that aviation has a mission far more serious and real as a medium of transportation and as a means for the conduct of war.

"Only as recently as last week an airplane, for the first time in history, successfully negotiated a round-trip flight between the Pacific Coast and the Hawaiian Islands.

"In the 32 years since the first flight of the Wright brothers, the progress of aviation has marched forward steadily, its career marked by daring and brilliant achievements, and no one dares predict what heights it is destined to reach

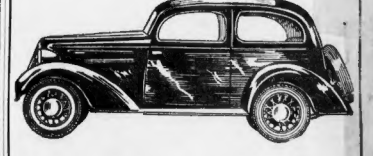
"In the military plans of nation, aviation is a growing factor, for all have come to realize that future national security will, in a great measure, depend upon a country's air power.

"It is my sincere hope that the Junior Birdmen of America will prosper and multiply in numbers, for upon their shoulders is destined to rest the fate of aviation in the near future. They will be our future pilots, our aeronautical engineers, our aircraft manufacturers, our air transportation managers and our pioneers in further conquests af the domain of the air."

for economical transportation

'31 Ford V-8 DeLuxe Fordor Sedan. Everything about this car is just like new. Liberal terms. Dunham Chevrolet, 613 Wash. St., Newton. N. 1820.

$395



a Good Reconditioned CAR

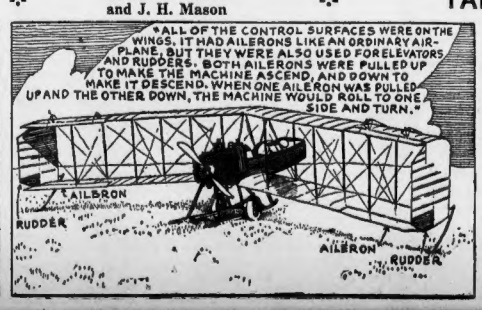
Day after day the Boston American contains a large group of fine value reconditioned cars. Dealers are looking for your car to satisfy customers who demand a value as good as your car. It's the day of quick deals and a better car for you. It doesn't cost a dealer as much as it would cost you to recondition.

Now! FOR **BETTER** VALUES! turn to Classified Section of This Edition

AIR-MINDED JUNIOR

By W. D. Tipton and J. H. Mason

DAD, I READ ABOUT AN AIRPLANE WITHOUT A TAIL. HOW IN THE WORLD COULD IT FLY?
"WELL, JUNIOR, THAT'S NOT A NEW IDEA. THE BURGESS-DUNNE AIRPLANE IN 1911 HAD NO TAIL. ITS WINGS WERE ARRANGED LIKE AN ARROW HEAD. IT HAD A PUSHER ENGINE."


"ALL OF THE CONTROL SURFACES WERE ON THE WINGS. IT HAD AILERONS LIKE AN ORDINARY AIRPLANE, BUT THEY WERE ALSO USED FOR ELEVATORS AND RUDDERS. BOTH AILERONS WERE PULLED UP TO MAKE THE MACHINE ASCEND, AND DOWN TO MAKE IT DESCEND. WHEN ONE AILERON WAS PULLED UP AND THE OTHER DOWN, THE MACHINE WOULD ROLL TO ONE SIDE AND TURN."
AILERON
RUDDER
RUDDER
AILERON

'TAILLESS AIRPLANES'

The Irish Players and Their Relation to America's Little Theater Movement

Truth in Cameras

By Muriel Babcock
Universal Service

Hollywood, May 18.

AND SO you're going to have your picture taken! Well take a tip from Elmer Fryer, ace Warner Brothers portrait photographer.

Dramatize yourself in front of the camera. When you look into the lens think of the person you want to be in the picture.

If you want to be a beautiful siren, think of all the men who have wooed you! If you're a man, and want your pictures to make you look serious and important, think of the time when you put over your biggest deal.

"The camera doesn't lie," says Fryer. "It captures the thoughts in an individual's mind, rather than a superficial expression. You can put on a forced smile, or a serious look, but if you're not thinking that smile or that seriousness your picture will be blah!

So, think!

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"THERE are several other rules good to follow if you want good pictures. First, girls, don't slather powder on your face. A shiny face is the thing for the camera. It gives headlights to a picture. Use dark lip rouge and eye-shadow, preferably brown, and relax, don't pose. Let your character come out of the way you think.

Mr. Fryer knows whereof he speaks for he has photographed most of the beautiful picture stars and handsome film heroes in his 18 years of camera work in Hollywood.

His favorite camera subject is Miss Marion Davies.

"She's not only such a regular person and so easy to work with, but she always is interesting," he said. "She thinks. She puts brain power behind a beautiful face and hence she's a joy to any conscientious photographer. We recently were able to get such beautiful pictures with her."

Women, on the whole, are more interesting to photograph than men, according to Fryer.

"They put more drama and life into their work. You can get more from them," he explains. "More beauty, a greater variety of expressions and interest.

"Dolores Del Rio is a fine subject. She gives a portrait-sitting her all. She dramatizes everything, works hard to get a good picture and always looks perfectly beautiful. She wears clothes in a marvelous fashion.

"Edward G. Robinson always gets into the mood of a picture by reciting a line from his role. If he is to be taken looking hardboiled, he will yell out something vicious and clamp his teeth firmly on that cigar. I press the bulb and we have a swell tough-looking picture.

King's Jubilee in the Newsreel

FIRST motion pictures of England's Royal Silver Jubilee, pictures which record for future generations the greatest tribute ever accorded a modern reigning monarch, are included in the current issue of Hearst Metrotone News.

All the pageantry and pomp of the celebration, which commemorates the twenty-fifth year of King George's reign, has been caught by a large staff of cameramen as the King and Queen and other members of the Royal Family ride in state from Buckingham Palace to the famous St. Paul's Cathedral.

MARY BOLAND is as comically inquisitive as ever in "People Will Talk," in which she will be assisted by Charlie Ruggles on the Metropolitan screen beginning on next Friday.

Columbine, 1935 Model

IRIS ADRIAN thus beguiles an eager Harlequin in "Stolen Harmony," sportive and tuneful entertainment now to be seen on the screen of the Scollay Square Theater.

Almost an Obituary for Miss Bergner's Departure

By Gilbert W. Gabriel
Universal Service Dramatic Editor

New York, May 18

THIS is not an obituary, but merely a farewell to a lady still very much alive and, as the expression goes, kicking. Recently having completed her New York engagement in a play called "Escape Me Never," Elizabeth Bergner went back to Europe. Her departure was a singularly quiet one. Stars of her magnitude and mood usually do a good deal more burning-up as they shoot away out of the heavens of our ken.

She did say that she did not like America — but she said it softly, and only to her friends. Sadly, not vindictively, she announced the probability that she will never come back again.

This will be our loss as much if not more than Fraulein Bergner's, and it is our compelling duty to assume an attitude of at least equal sorrow. The lady is an extraordinary little actress, and it would have delighted and instructed us much to have seen her, heard her, thrilled to her, in some play worth her time and our tears.

"Escape Me Never" was not such a play. As far as I can discover, she is the only person who could go on thinking it good. But she did . . . most loyally, to the very end.

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THOSE who had had the fortune to see Miss Bergner abroad could testify to her uncanny versatility; we'd seen her in Shakespearian tragedy, in Lonsdale comedy, in Shaw at his brightest and Ibsen at his grimmest. It was our privilege then, when she chose to make her American debut in such a machine-made piece as "Escape Me Never," to name her nevertheless a major artist of the stage, a true child of the muses conceived in passion royal, and to regret a little that she was choosing to hide her light now beneath so bad a bushel.

We meant this, as I am sure all of us must have meant it, complimentarily. The lady seems to have resented it. She turned her quarters into an Achilles' tent and did considerable sulking. She turned a nervous shoulder and an entirely deaf ear to all offers to stay on in worthy repertory, to return in any better play . . . and I happen to know of several much better ones that were begging for her.

Miss Bergner's complaint was not necessarily against the critics, however. When some of us questioned the nerve-force which she seemed to be expending on her first few minutes of her debut, the consignment of cute smiles and coolings and knee-scratchings which she threw in for good measure, it was later explained to us that this was imperative playing . . . that the theater was such a large one, the audience in general so spiritually cool, so physically far away, no other tactics would do.

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ART is, it seems, not international after all. There is no such thing as a universal rhythm, even among the gods and divas. Duse wore herself truly to death in the wasting fury of American life. Bergner, from the first or second day she was here until the day she left, is said to have been frightened, sickened, keyed to a state almost of abhorrence, by the fast tempo of American life.

I am among those—and we cannot be few—who hope Miss Bergner can be persuaded to come back to us, and indeed come soon, in a better play.

Added Laurels For Erin's State Theater

By Leo Gaffney
Drama Editor

THE Abbey Theater Irish Players, soon to be seen here, are now thought to be largely responsible for the rise of the Little Theater Movement in this country. There are many other determining factors, of course, but even the slightest examination into the evidence tends to bear out that theory.

The Little Theater Movement—it now adds up to something like 500 separate acting groups in the U. S. A.—is essentially a revolt against the existing order of the commercial theater, the organized theater.

It burst into activity during 1914-15 and immediately made itself felt in the works of Eugene O'Neill and Susan Glaspel at the Wharf Theater in Provincetown. Soon after, there were the Washington Sq. Players of New York, the chrysalis of the Theater Guild, the Toy Theater here on Dartmouth st., which was later to lose its soul in the Copley and Repertory Theaters, and various and similar experiments in Chicago, Philadelphia, St. Louis and points west.

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THOSE with long memories can recall that the outgrowth of the Little Theater came soon after the first visit to America of the Irish Players, 20 odd years ago. The reminiscent ones might also recall that the Irish Players encountered some difficulty on these hospitable shores.

Was it not Justice Cohalan and his Friends of Irish Freedom who put up such a fuss in New York? And with what embarrassment here in Boston did we not observe all manner of indecorus manifestation when "The Playboy of the Western World" was greeted by an outraged citizenry (of Irish extraction) with scornful shouts and hurtling vegetables?

The outraged citizens could hardly be blamed at the time, for it was their first meeting with Realism in the theater. In point of fact it was almost anybody's first experience with Realism in the theater.

Before that, the theater, thanks principally to the Organization of the theater, declined to feed its public anything but plays made to order. The public had, pretty much, preconceived notions of what constituted stage entertainment, and those notions must be catered to, else what would happen to a producer's investment?

It was the day of sweet sentiment and a purely fictional concept of life: the good must always be represented in eventual triumph; rascals must always come to a bad end, and audiences must be sent away from a theater in a pleasant frame of mind—as in the run-of-mill movie of today.

But, as the Mikado says in his most mocking line, "Virtue is triumphant only in theatrical performances." Life and the conventional stage plot have nothing in common, and it was the job of the Realists to dispel the traditional and purely childish notion that "everything will come right in the end."

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IN LIFE, as everybody knows, everything does not come right in the end; the virtuous are likely to be trampled as so many meek fools; rascals succeed in high places, and the balm of good fortune is all too seldom in the Gilead of events.

Apparently, the Abbey Players had the hardest task. They had to cut through a thousand fogs of prettiest fancy, for Boucicault and his "Arrah-Na-Pogues," his "Colleen Bawns," his merely pretty plays of merely pretty sentiments, his ballad-singing leading men, had imbedded deep in people's minds the notion that Ireland could be represented on the stage only in the spirit of Romance and Chauncey Olcott.

It was easy to understand why the first dramatic writings of Yeats, Synge and Lady Gregory so infuriated the Irish everywhere. But the fury abated when it was discovered that the Abbey was unique in all the English speaking theater: it was absolutely honest in its treatment of life in relation to the dramatic art: it faced facts; it was unafraid, and it performed its functions with an unprofessional simplicity that went as straight to the heart as it did to the head.

There must have been something like an apostolic zeal in the presentation of those plays, for their influence grew, spread and began to be felt even in the commercial theater, which was practically forced to draw upon something of its strength.

Vastly encouraged, small groups of rebels on this side of the water took their cue from the Abbey Players, built their simple little playhouses and sought to serve Truth and the drama's art with Conscience as their only guide.

Thus the Little Theater Movement rose in America, the organized theater with its organized playmaking was mitigated and the way was opened for Eugene O'Neill as well as Sean O'Casey and Maxwell Anderson and even Clifford Odets.

According to Sheldon Cheney the Little Theater has been the most striking phenomenon in American art-life during the last twenty years, and if the Abbey Players are the way responsible for it, it is a distinction that shall be recorded of them as long as the theater shall last.

Among the Plays

MAY 27—The Abbey Theater Players of the Irish Free State in a repertory of its most famous plays at the Hollis. First week, "Drama at Inish," by Lennox Robinson; Tuesday, "Look at the Heffernans," by Brinsley McNamara; Wednesday matinees, "The New Gossoon," by George Shiels; Wednesday evening, a double bill, "The Coiner," by Bernard Duffy, and "Well of the Saints," by J. M. Synge; Thursday, "The Far Off Hills," by Lennox Robinson; Friday, a double bill, "Riders to the Sea" and "The Playboy of the Western World," both by J. M. Synge; Saturday matinee, "Drama at Inish;" Saturday evening, "The Plough and the Stars," by Sean O'Casey.

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Second week, Monday, "Juno and the Paycock," by Sean O'Casey; Tuesday, "The Courting of Mary Doyle," by E. McNulty; Wednesday matinee, "The Far Off Hills;" Wednesday evening, a double bill, "Spring," by T. C. Murray, and "The Playboy of the Western World;" Thursday, "The Courting of Mary Doyle"; Friday evening, "The Plough and the Stars;" Saturday matinee, "The New Gossoon." No performance will be given on Saturday evening, June 8.

GOING GUNNING, James Cagney and Regis Toomey flush out their quarry in "G Men," exciting film of crime and detection now at the Paramount and Fenway.

Captain Boyle, Inquisitor

TRUCULENCE itself, when there's nothing to fear, this courtly gentleman shows his mettle. Here are Joan Sullivan and Harry Fitzgerald, the latter as Juno's shiftless husband in "Juno and the Paycock," O'Casey play by the Irish Players at the Hollis soon.

Town Talk

New York, May 18.
By Universal Service

BROADWAY BALLYHOO: No one around the defunct Casino De Paree, says Marc Lachmann, except one guy waiting for his change. Judith Anderson and Helen Menken both being screen-tested again. Bert Lytell and Grace Menken coast-bound. K. Hepburn, who may play stock this summer, took a fly around with Leland Heyward in his new plane while here.

Glenn Hunter is on the air under another name. Harry Danister's back. Mme. Schumann-Heink will be in a movie. The stars should know the system by which Harry Wills, one-time heavy, shelved 65 pounds in thirty days.

Lew Leslie's "Blackbirds" may go to the French Casino. They say Dick Barthelmess grosses $6500 weekly for his personal appearances. Hannah Williams Dempsey now sings and dances at the benefits where Jack takes a bow. Hear Walter Huston gets $100,000 for being "Cecil Rhodes." Allen Rivkin's first play, "Knock on Wood," is in rehearsal with Jim Rennie, Sally Phipps, Bruce MacFarlane and Lee Patrick. Understand Director Richard Wallace had a bet on Omaha. Thank goodness he cashed it! Gene Raymond, Helen Ferguson and Fay Wray go places together.

Johnson Lends Stability To Metropolitan Opera

By Ruth Marsters

New York, May 18.

WITH the appointment of Edward Johnson to the position of general manager of the Metropolitan Opera Co. plans for the next season again move forward.

The sudden death of Herbert Witherspoon, who became general manager upon the retirement of Gatti-Casazza on April 19, was a shock to the whole world of opera.

In New York it was felt most keenly, for it meant the loss of the central force of an organization in which many are involved.

The days immediately following the death of Mr. Witherspoon, on May 10, were days of uncertainty and confusion.

"What about our contracts," cried the artists.

"Perhaps there will be no opera," murmured the public, while those left in authority were too grieved to act.

Confidence and a sense of security were almost immediately restored when on Wednesday evening it was announced at a meeting of the board of directors that Edward Johnson had been appointed to the vacant post.

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MR. JOHNSON has held the esteem and affection of his fellow artists for many years. His artistic capabilities and managerial integrity make him well fitted for the office he has assumed.

Through his close association with Mr. Witherspoon as assistant general manager Mr. Johnson is in touch with all negotiations made thus far.

In an interview shortly after his appointment Mr. Johnson said:

"I shall consider it an honor and an obligation to bring to completion the plans that Mr. Witherspoon had outlined.

"The big opera festival season, which begins in December will be conducted generally upon the same lines as always before. The best voices in Europe and America will be obtained.

"In addition to this it had been proposed to begin an experiment next year in May and June with a spring festival of grand opera. The intention was to present at that time familiar operas in English."

The latter project was one in which Mr. Witherspoon was deeply interested. It would be given by a somewhat different personnel from that of the regular season and would not only bring opera within the reach of everyone but would provide opportunity for the young American singer. Furthermore it was to be the first practical working out of his theory that opera, to be revitalized in America, must be adapted to the English language.

The Juilliard Foundation had lent its enthusiastic support and had designated the supplemental season as well as the regular season in its contribution of $150,000, which was voted last winter.

Mr. Johnson had been appointed general manager of the spring festival when acting as assistant general manager to Mr. Witherspoon. It is believed that plans will go forward uninterruptedly.

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BEFORE Mr. Witherspoon's death he had completed changes for the improvement of both orchestra and chorus, the latter to be under the leadership of Fausto Cleva, with Konrad Neuger as chorus master.

The conductors already appointed are Artur Bodnansky and Ettore Panizza, the assistant conductors, Pietro Cimara, Riccardo Dellera, Antonio Dell' Orefice, Karl Riedel and Hermann Weigert. A new conductor will be added.

A new ballet master will be engaged and the ballet will be completely reorganized. It will be considered a more important feature during the next season and will be developed along modern as well as classic lines.

Scenery and costumes will be renovated and improved. Mr. De-

Continued on Next Page

MARGOT GRAHAME as she is seen in "The Informer," now on the Boston screen.

Hollywood Finally Convinces the Operatic Songsters of Its Artistic Merit

Grand Opera Takes Its Place on Screen

By Louella O. Parsons
Motion Picture Editor Universal Service.

Hollywood, May 18.

THE SONG BIRDS of the world are flying to Hollywood. This year it isn't gold that is attracting the opera stars, it's the chance to really do something on the screen that offers as big an opportunity for fame as the Metropolitan Opera. Only a few years ago, when the big names in opera and on the stage came West to make a picture, it was with a condescending air, a feeling that there was a chance to make some easy money and while it was a little cheapening yet our Geraldine Farrars, our Mary Gardens, our Helen Hayes did sell themselves into the films for a brief period.

Curious how that mercenary attitude has completely left these world-famous stars. Last week Gladys Swarthout, lovely star of the Metropolitan and a radio singer with a nation-wide audience, arrived in town. Miss Swarthout is new to motion pictures. She impressed everyone at the Paramount studios with her eagerness to equal her operatic and radio career with her debut in motion pictures.

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ONE of my close friends is Grace Moore, who works like the proverbial beaver on her movies. She says an appearance at the Metropolitan in "Butterfly" or "Carmen" makes more demands on her than the hard work she puts into each motion picture. Is her new picture, "Love Me Forever," she sings a whole act of "La Boheme," the opera in which she made her debut in 1928. She rehearsed for hours with her teacher, Marifioti, and was just as nervous as she is when she faces an audience of New York society folk and music lovers at the Metropolitan.

Madame Maria Jeritza, world-famous star of the opera and the darling of Vienna, is here taking motion pictures. Jeritza's husband is a very wealthy banker and she has no need of money. She came to Hollywood because now she appreciates what can be done for her through the medium of motion pictures.

Lawrence Tibbett, who sang as he never sang before at the Philharmonic last week, is back in Hollywood ready to play a return engagement in the movies, for Darryl Zanuck. Tibbett looks these days as if he had been turned out by a Bond Street tailor and has all the well-groomed appearance of Freddie Astaire.

He used to seem a little careless in his dress and to be lacking as a movie star because of it, although, when he sings, he might be wearing a gunny sack for all this writer would care. But there are people who want their movie heroes to be perfectly turned out, and this Tibbett will be in his future movies.

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NINO MARTINI joins Fox in his movie debut. Great plans

Carroll Girls at the Howard

THEY are calling it Old Home Week at the Howard, for it is none other than Mr. Mike Sacks who is chief funny man in the new show, "The Powder Puff Revue."

Mr. Sacks is assisted by Mr. Fred Binder, another favorite, and who should be turning up again but the Carroll Sisters, ladies of song and dance, who acplish the usual prima donna role as a pair.

There are fifty people in all in the "Powder Puff" show, among them Cynthia Michelle, Kitty Morris, Billie Lamont and Alice Kennedy.

Schubert-Wagner Music Is Pops Program Tonight

SPECIAL programs are announced for the Pops this week, the third of the 50th anniversary season of this famous Bostonian organization. Arthur Fiedler will devote tonight's program to the music of Schubert and Wagner, and for next Sunday likewise announces a program of special musical interest. Monday will bring the annual Harvard Night.

Programs of the week include:

TONIGHT

Hungarian March ..... Schubert
Ave Maria ..... Arthuis Nikisch Dance ..... Hadley
Symphony in B minor, "Unfinished" ..... Schubert
Overture to "Rienzi" ..... Wagner
Prelude to "Lohengrin" ..... Wagner
Overture to "Tannhauser" ..... Wagner
"Parsifal," Holy Guild Procession ..... Wagner
Song of the Evening Star, "Tannhauser" ..... Wagner
Trombone Solo: Jacob Ratchman
Prelude to "Meistersinger" ..... Wagner
Nuremburg" ..... Wagner

MONDAY

Consecration March from "The Prophet" ..... Meyerbeer
Overture to "Le Roi d'Ys" ..... Lalo
"Dance of the Seven Veils," from "Salome" ..... Strauss
Songs by the Harvard Glee Club
Andante from the First Piano Sonata ..... Chopin-Gruenberg
Rhapsodie Espagnol ..... Chabrier-Lavallee
Songs by the Harvard Glee Club
"Anything Goes," selection ..... Porter
"Girls of My Dreams" Waltzes ..... Komzak
"Up the Street," March ..... Morse

TUESDAY

"MAY DAY EVE" Overture ..... Goldmark
March, Sembrich at Mozeo ..... Pianissotto
Overture to "Orpheus" ..... Offenbach
Nocturne: "Fetes" ..... Debussy
"La Mer," Fragments ..... Debussy
Carnival in Paris ..... Svendsen
Air, "Princes qui commandez" ..... Gretry
"Samson and Delilah" ..... Saint-Saens
Gypsy Song from "Carmen" ..... Bizet
Soloist: Louise Bernhard, Soprano
"Soliers" ..... Ravel
"L'Amour de l'Apache" ..... Offenbach
Adeline Robinson and Company
(French-American Dancers)
"Estudiantina" Waltz ..... Waldteufel
Marche Hongroise ..... Berlioz

WEDNESDAY

"Favorite Regiment," March ..... Ketl
Overture to "Der Freischutz" ..... Weber
Fifth Hungarian Dance ..... Brahms
"Pagliacci," Fantasia ..... Leoncavallo
Suite from "A Midsummer Night's Dream" ..... Mendelssohn
Meditation from "Thais" ..... Massenet
Solo violin: Julius Theodorowicz
"Ballet of the Hours," from "La Gioconda" ..... Ponchielli
"Elite Modiste," Selection ..... Herbert
"Voices of Spring," Waltz ..... Strauss
"Anchors Aweigh" ..... Zimmerman

THURSDAY

"On the Mall," March ..... Goldman
Overture to "Zampa" ..... Herold
"Rapsodie Orientale" ..... Hadley
"Cavalleria Rusticana" ..... Mascagni
Suite from "The Damnation of Faust" ..... Berlioz
Largo from "Xerxes" ..... Handel
Solo violin, harp, brass, and strings
"Sylvia," Ballet Suite ..... Delibes
"Dance of Marked Favorites" ..... Rosey
"Espana" Waltzes ..... Waldteufel
Entrance of the Gladiators ..... Fucik

FRIDAY

Polonaise in A major ..... Chopin-Glazounov
Overture to "Raymond" ..... Thomas
Air on the G string ..... Bach
"The Artist's Life" Suite ..... Gorman
(Grand Zoological Fantasia)
Pianos: Arthur Mahlon Sanroma—
Leo Litwin)
Entrance of the Little Fauns ..... Pierne
Overture Solennelle, "1812" ..... Tchaikovsky
"Of Thee I Sing," Selection ..... Gershwin
Deep River ..... Arranged by Jacobi
"Procession of the Sardar," from "Caucasian Sketches" ..... Ippolitov-Ivanov

SATURDAY

"El Capitan," March ..... Sousa
Overture to "Euryanthe" ..... Weber
Rhapsodie Hongroise ..... Liszt-Hubert
"Elegiaque," Symphonie ..... Rachmaninoff
"L'Arlesienne," Suite No. 2 ..... Bizet
Ave Maria ..... Bach-Gounod
Four Hungarian Composers ..... Liszt
"The Fortune Teller," Selection ..... Herbert
"Waves of the Danube," Waltzes ..... Ivanovici
Carioca ..... Youmans

SUNDAY

March from "Aida" ..... Mourrogsky
Overture, "The Roman Carnival" ..... Berlioz
Largo from the "New World" Symphony ..... Dvorak
Polonaise from Suite No. 3 ..... Tchaikovsky
Concerto for Pianoforte No. 2 in G minor ..... Saint-Saens
Soloist—Teresa Maria Saraiva
Bolero ..... Rimsky-Korsakow
Turkmenien ..... Schachter
Waltzes from "Der Rosenkavalier" ..... R. Strauss
Overture, "The Roman Carnival" ..... Berlioz
Bacchanals from "Samson and Delilah" ..... Saint-Saens

FOUR FACES to be seen in "Let 'Em Have It," film now current at the Keith Memorial. The quartet comprises Miss Virginia Bruce, looking her best, and the Messrs. Richard Arlen, Harvey Stevens and Gordon Jones. One of the pleasantest of the new films.

THE SALVATION of Jean Valjean is all but accomplished when the good bishop bestows upon him these silver candlesticks. Cedric Hardwicke and Fredric March in "Les Miserables" at Loew's State. And so the Victor Hugo novel lives again.

Passing Shadows in the New Week's Screen Entertainments

Murder as a Pastime in The Hollywood Ateliers

By Reine Davies
Universal Service

Hollywood, May 18

HOLLYWOOD is perenially referred to as "the place where adults still play house and make millions at it." But there's a genius to playing, and nowhere, perhaps, is Hollywood's talent for playing more delightfully revealed than in the games it plays after candle-light, when there are no thoughts of "top billing," or "box-office."

In the colony there's always a game in vogue. Currently, murder is the popular game.

After prosecuting and defense "attorneys" have left the room, the party selects the "murderer." Then the lights are turned out, and everybody hides under the table, a chair or behind the davenport.

In the dark, the "murderer" seeks out a victim and, in touching him or her, the "murder" is committed. Now the trial begins, with everyone taking part but the "murdered one," who, being dead, remains as he was. With the exception of the "murderer," who is only limited by the extent of his imagination in his attempt to save his neck, they must all answer truthfully to such questions as "where were you when the murder was committed? With whom were you? And what were you doing?

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IF YOU want ah evening filled with hilarious thrills, and don't care if your guests stay until the milkman rattles by, just introduce a murder at your next party. The game attains hitronic heights in Hollywood when played, as it often is, by the Bill Gargans, the Leslie Howards, the Ralph Bellamys and Virginia and Charlie Farrell.

Bing Crosby, Hollywood's most enthusiastic race fan, has a miniature race track upon which the tiny horses are electrically controlled, and whenever the party threatens to die of the Crosby domicile, Bing brings out the horses, and great is the excitement thereof.

A game that had a recent flare among the colony's younger set was consequences. It is played by any number of guests, who are instructed to write down some one's name, fold the paper and pass it to the person sitting next. Then they write the name of another person whom the first named met, and again the paper is folded and passed on.

Then follows action, dialogue and, eventually, the consequences, so that when the scenario is eventually unfolded and read to the hilarious party, it goes something like this: Patricia Ellis met Tom Brown on a bicycle. He said, "Move over." And she said, "What, no yachts!" The consequence were that they skipped down the street to the little church around the corner.

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WHEN the Pat O'Briens are entertaining other sons and daughters of dear Auld Erin, they often play salvos, a game which reduces warfare to paper and is played sans physical casualties.

Recently when Sally Eilers was entertaining the members of the Hollywood sewing club, she introduced advertisers, which is played with advertising slogans, and the object of the game is to guess the product which accompanies the slogan—for instance "not a cough in a carload," and "it hasn't scratched yet."

Carl Brisson recently introduced Danish billiards to Hollywood. Lyle Talbot has a whole closet filled with games, including every conceivable detective game, anagrams, catagories, and even dominos. Guggenheim, of all things, is the captivating Dolores Del Rio's favorite game.

But be assured that what ever the game may be, your favorite Hollywoodite gives it that something that makes them "box-office" on the screen.

Film Time

FINE ARTS—"Two Hearts In Waltz Time," 1:20, 3:20, 5:30, 7:35, 9:45. Farewell engagement.

LOEW'S STATE—"Les Miserables," 1:00, 3:15, 5:30, 7:45, 10:00.

LOEW'S ORPHEUM — "Baby Face Harrington," 1:00, 3:35, 5:50, 9:45.

NEW GAYETY — "The Good Fairy," 2:15, 5:15, 9:40.

UPTOWN—"The Scarlet Pimpernel," 1:00, 4:00, 7:00, 10:00.

PARAMOUNT—"G Men," 1:13, 4:05, 6:51, 9:30.

FENWAY—"G Men," 1:50, 4:34, 7:18, 10:05.

MODERN—"Stolen Harmony," 1:25, 4:10, 7:00, 9:45.

SCOLLAY—"Stolen Harmony," 2:00, 4:40, 7:10, 9:40.

TREMONT—"Ann Vickers," 1:00, 3:55, 6:50, 9:45.

BOWDOIN—"Naughty Marietta," 1:47, 5:08, 8:30.

METROPOLITAN — "Goin' To Town," 2:23, 4:50, 7:25, 9:45.

Metropolitan Opera Is Stabilized

Continued from Preceding Page

eire Defrere has been appointed stage director.

Most of the popular artists have been retained and negotiations are still pending with others.

Nine new singers have been accepted. Of these six are American and three from the Juillard Graduated School.

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IT IS doubtful whether Mr. Johnson will spear in any roles this year. He has been connected with the Metropolitan since 1922 and has created the leading tenor roles in "Parsifal," "The King's Henchman," and "Peter Ibbetson." He has been the Metropolitan's only Pelleas in Debussy's "Pelleas and Melisande."

Mr. Johnson was born in Guelph, Ontario, Canada, and educated at the University of Toronto. He sang light opera on Broadway for a short time and later, after studying under Vincenzo Lombardi in Florence, sang five seasons at La Scala, Milan. In 1920 he was with the Chicago Civic Opera Co.

He became a naturalized American citizen in 1922.

EVELYN MYERS is leading lady of the "Take-A-Chance" revue at the Park.

Evelyn Myers at the Park

CASTING caution and expense bills to the prevailing winds, the Minsky Park this week presents Miss Evelyn Myers, who, as Manager Max Michaels says, has been persuaded to abandon the Paradise Club in New York for "a lot of money."

The setting for this jewel of the burlesque stage is a new revue called "Take a Chance," in which are also displayed the comic gifts of Sid Fields, Jack Greenman, Jole Faye, Jack Diamond, Johnny Barry, Bert Grant, Jack Kellar and Gordon Clarke.

Other sirens in addition to Miss Myers are Evelyn Brooks, Aileen, Dale, Rise Heatherly and Chiquita Garcia.

The usual midnight show will be given on Friday.

Two Down Passages and Passengers On the Movie-Go-Round

By Louella O. Parsons
Universal Service

Hollywood, May 18.

THE STORY of Claudette Colbert's yachting party is one of the funniest of the week. Claudette took along an Italian chef who was dressed to the teeth in cap, apron and the trimmings. He became so sea sick he couldn't cook a single meal and Claudette with the Charles Butterworths, the Paul Lukases, Junior Parsons and Dr. J. Pressman pitched in and did the cooking. I am afraid it was Claudette who did most of the work from all I can gather. The chef himself was so miserable that he kept muttering to himself: "Mussolini, he would say I am no Roman."

* * *

DON'T be surprised if Myrna Loy is married in Paris. Close friends of Arthur Hornblow say that he will get his divorce in Paris from Julie Hornblow, from whom he has been separated for several years, and that his first step will be to marry Miss Loy, to whom he is devoted. Things can happen awfully fast in Paris and Miss Loy could turn into Mrs. Hornblow before you could say 'Jack Robinson.

* * *

HOLLYWOOD friends were told last week that Max Reinhardt is definitely not married to Helene Thimig and the wedding will not take place until he can arrange matters amicably with Mrs. Reinhardt! He had thought his wife, from whom he has been separated for years, was agreeable to a divorce, and her sudden, precipitous arrival in this country to fight the matter was a great surprise to him. Helene Thimig, whom he wishes to wed, is a charming woman, and every-one in Hollywood who has met her admires her.

* * *

WAS Benny Rubin burned! He was entertaining an enthusiastic group of golfers and caddies with his clowning at the Hillcrest Golf Club when up rushed a friend with a woman in tow. The friend, very excited and quite unintentionally, shouted so that everyone could hear: "The lady says she wants to meet the funniest man she's ever seen. Mrs. Ginsberg, let me introduce Mr. Benny Cantor!"

* * *

JERITZA was a guest at a dinner party last week when one of our better bridge players said "of course I don't suppose you would care to play bridge, would you Madame Jeritza?" "I play," said Jeritza, "if you want me." So the Metropolitan opera prima donna sat down and played bridge and won every rubber. "You play marvelous bridge, Madame," she was told. "Oh, well," she replied, "when I am in New York I play bridge nearly every day with the Culbertsons."

Metropolitan
SHE'S A LADY!
MAE WEST
GOIN' TO TOWN
with PAUL CAVANAGH
Directed by LEO McCAREY
STAGE! THE STAR OF THE SCREEN!
OLGA BACLANOVA
In Person
AND BIG CAST!
ROXY SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
GARAY
In Person

MONUMENTAL!
No Greater Picture Has Ever Been Produced
VICTOR HUGO'S
LES MISERABLES
Fredric MARCH Charles LAUGHTON
Starts Friday—"AGE OF INDISCRETION"
Also "EIGHT BELLS"
LOEW'S ORPHEUM
Second: DAISY PEACH HARRINGTON and her GUTTERSNIPS in a REVUE
Stage: DANCE SENSATION RIGHT HERE IN PERSON! DOTTIE Others
FRI. "MARK of the VAMPIRE" and VAUDEVILLE

NOW KEITH'S MEMORIAL
SMASH GANGDOM'S RULE OF TERROR!
"LET 'EM HAVE IT"
RKO Boston
6 FEATURES—BOSTON'S BIG SHOW VALUE
"THE INFORMER"
VICTOR MCLAGLEN HEATHER ANGEL
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Evenings 7:15 to 11:30
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Newly Remodeled
BROADWAY'S Greatest ATTRACTION
Evelyn MYERS
QUEEN OF THE BURLESQUE STAGE
EVELYN MYERS
Take A Chance
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30 Ringettes • 55 Others

SYMPHONY HALL
TONIGHT at 8:30
Schubert-Wagner Program
POPS
ARTHUR FIEDLER, Conductor
TOMORROW—HARVARD NIGHT
TUES., WED., THURS.—MAY IN PARIS
MON., MAY 27—POPS REVUE
Tickets—.25, .50, .75, $1, No Tax

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TOGETHER AGAIN!! BURLESQUE'S GREATEST COMEDIANS
FRED BINDER and MIKE SACKS
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The CARROLL SISTERS
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KITTY MORRIS • BILLIE LAMONT • ALICE KENNEDY • 50 PEOPLE IN AN ENTIRELY NEW BURLESQUE PRODUCTION FEATURING THE CLOSING PRICES FOR ALICE KENNEDY
Midnight Show Every Friday at 11.30 P. M.
3 Shows Daily at 2 (Sun.), 2.30, 8.30 P. M.
NEXT WEEK—ANN CORIO

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BOSTON'S FAVORITE FAMILY VAUDEVILLE
GEORGE M. COHAN'S GAMBLING

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EPIC of the END of GANGDOM!
G-MEN
JAMES CAGNEY
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POSITIVELY HELD OVER
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MODERN • George Raft Sue Carol "STOLEN HARMONY" • Sidney Blackmer-Marian Nixon "GREAT GOD GOLD"

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GEORGE RAFT Ben Bernie • Alice White
"STOLEN HARMONY"
Also—"HONEY" with Lyda Roberti
2 BIG FEATURE PICTURES

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Ann Sothern & Richard Arlen in "Hollywood Halfback"
Seven Events & Irene Dunne in "Ann Vickers"

UPTOWN 1000 Seats 30c Starts 1 P.M.
Leslie Howard in SCARLET PIMPERNEL
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BOWDOIN Last Complete Show Starts at 5:30 P. M.
"NAUGHTY MARIETTA" with Jeanette MacDonald
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Wed.—"Scarlet Pimpernel"—See New York Times

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Mats. Wed. & Sat.
The ORIGINAL and WORLD FAMOUS
ABBEY THEATRE PLAYERS

FIRST WEEK
Mon., May 27—Lennox Robinson's "Drama at Inish."
Tues., May 28—McNamara's "Look at the Heffernans."
Wed. Mat., May 29—George Shiels's "The New Gossoon."
Wed. Eve., May 29—"The Coiner" and J. M. Synge's "Well of the Saints."
Thurs., May 30—Robinson's "The Far Off Hills."
Fri., May 31—J. M. Synge's "Riders to the Sea" and "Playboy."
Sat. Mat., June 1—"Drama at Inish."
Sat. Eve., June 1—Sean O'Casey's "The Plough and the Stars."

SECOND WEEK
Mon., June 3—Sean O'Casey's "June and the Paycock."
Tues., June 4—M. McNulty's "Coming of Mary Doyle."
Wed. Mat., June 5—"Far Off Hills."
Wed. Eve., June 5—T. C. Murray's "Spring" and "The Playboy."
Thurs., June 6—"Coming of Mary Doyle."
Fri., June 7—"The Plough and the Stars."
Sat. Mat., June 8—"The New Gossoon."
Sat. Eve., June 8—No performance.

SEATS NOW Evenings, Orch., $2.50; Balc., $1.50; Sec. Balc., $.50. All Matinees, Orch., $1.65; Balc., $1.10; Sec. Balc., .50c. These prices include the Tax.

Mail Orders Filled. Enclose Stamped Addressed Envelope with Check.
Opening Night, Benefit Robert B. Brigham Hospital—$5.50, $3.85, $2.50, $1.50, $1.10

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Wed. Mat. "MEN IN WHITE" Sidney Kingsley Valentina "THE YOUNG RAJAH"

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BOULEVARD REVERE
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The WHOLE BIG BROADCAST OF TOWN'S TALKING!
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Claire TREVOR
SOMERVILLE

FEELESS SOMERVILLE BROADWAY
"West Point of the Air" WALLACE BEERY
"The Mystery Man" with Robert Armstrong

STRAND
James Cagney-Pat O'Brien "David Dugs of the Air"
Janet Gaynor-Warner Baxter "ONE MORE SPRING"

E. M. Loew's Davis Sq. Thea., Somerville
Barbara Stanwyck in "Secret Bride"
Warner Oland in "Charlie Chan in London"

Last Tenny-Sadley Elters Jimmy Durante "CARNIVAL"
Plus "Mystery Woman" Peggy, "We Aim to Please" Ann Sothern, Wm. Lundigan
Tonite! Finals in Radio Auditions—26 Acts

SOUTH BOSTON

STRAND
"ROBERTA" "WHILE THE PATIENT SLEPT"

BROADWAY
Walter C. Kelly "VAUDEVILLE'S CHILD" "Mysterious Mr. Vough"

Automotive News

Campaign by International

International Harvester Company motor truck dealers from all parts of New England met yesterday at a district meeting and luncheon, presided over by Thomas E. Jenkins, New England motor truck manager. The meeting was held at the Boston offices and display rooms at 61 North Beacon street.

"Our main objective of the next few weeks," said Mr. Jenkins, "will be to launch a campaign on two new International truck models, the C-30 and C-30, the lowest-priced 1½-ton trucks ever offered by our company.

"The C-30 is one of the very few four-cylinder 1½-ton trucks offered by any company today. This unit has already experienced popularity among door-to-door delivery businesses whose chief concern is starting and stopping a truck countless times daily as cheaply as possible. A handsome radiator grille, airplane-type dashboard and new attractive colors are features of this as well as of more expensive models.

"The Model C-30 has the six-cylinder International HD-3 motor. Chassis frame rails and springs are much heavier than usual in a 1½-ton truck."

Mr. Jenkins recommended a thorough canvassing of the 1½-ton market, pointing out that truck sales have gained considerably over last year.

In addition to Mr. Jenkins there were present at the luncheon G. E. Moredock, Eastern district manager of the International Harvester Company; W. G. Schendel, of the Albany office, and over a hundred dealers, including Ralph H. Bunker of Dover, N. H., whose father was an International dealer, and who himself has held an International contract since 1916.

Graham Car Sales Showing Increase

Graham retail sales volume for the first half of this month showed a steady increase which is very encouraging, stated A. E. Hinchcliffe, president of the Hinchcliffe Motor Corp.

"Several new dealers at key distributing points throughout the New England Zone have taken on our franchise recently."

Wright Is Chief of Packard Service

E. D. Wright

Edward D. Wright, Packard superintendent of service, is the new Spearhead of Packard service, having been appointed by Alvan T. Fuller to succeed Harold Parker who has become Packard dealer in Framingham. Upon Ed Wright's shoulders rests the responsibility of seeing to it that every Packard owner is a satisfied owner.

With this advancement, Mr. Wright takes another step forward in a successful automotive career launched a quarter of a century ago. Mechanics, tester, shop foreman and general service manager were the titles he earned during his steady climb within various companies of the industry. Five years ago he started with Packard-Boston as production manager. To that title was later added another, Dodge service manager, from which position he now takes the reins of general service manager.

Tires Keep Pace With Automobile

Men in the rubber industry often speak of the race between the automobile and the tire, for it has been a race every month of the way, says a statement just issued by tire development engineers of The B. F. Goodrich Company, Akron, Ohio.

Those six tires for which Alexander Winton, one of the pioneers in the automotive field, paid Goodrich $50 apiece back in 1896, would by 1901 have been inadequate to the speeds and driving conditions to which automobiles had already developed.

"It is not surprising that men who make tires remind you that the operation of your car, your comfort, and your family's safety make constant demands upon ingenuity and manufacturing."

Hogan Takes Up New Plan

Thomas E. Hogan, president of Thomas E. Hogan, Inc., New England distributors of Fisk tires, announced that his company has adopted the time payment plan in the sale of Fisk Tires.

Mr. Hogan stated that in his opinion a substantial majority of car owners prefer to buy tires on time because of the convenience to the pocketbook.

"It is, therefore, no longer necessary to ride on tires that are worn smooth with inherent danger. The Hogan time payment policy is one of the easiest and most convenient available. Payments may be made as low as 10c a day; in fact, sales are made on the customers' own terms—their ability to pay," he said.

"That this policy has met with the approval of the tire buying public is evident, for immediately upon the announcement that the time payment policy was in effect at all Hogan stores and associated Fisk dealers, there was a noticeable increase in business.

"The year 1935 promises to be another record breaker for Thomas E. Hogan, Inc. Sales show an increase of 30 per cent over a year ago. The Hogan company has opened 204 new dealer accounts in 1935, and all report good business. We now have seven branches throughout New England—and all selling Fisk tires on the time payment plan, and, of course, for cash where the customers wish to pay cash."

Steel Roof Helps Beauty of Design

The new steel roof introduced by Hudson this year is a real contribution toward body styling. Now that it has been made possible to properly silence the all-metal roof, the trend of design which calls for smooth, unbroken lines will be accelerated, stated C. L. Nutter, general manager of the Henley-Kimball Co.:

"In our 1935 cars, for instance, with the introduction of the steel roof we are utilizing a divided rear window which permits continuity of the roof line down over the back of the body and into the flare at the bottom of the body."

Hints for Flower Gardeners!

CULTURE OF RUBBER PLANTS

Tall Plants May Be Reduced to Any Desired Height in Very Simple Manner

CROSS SECTION shows pot sawed in two pieces with the stem cut for roots to form. At left, pot in place. The upper pot can be supported by tying it to a stake inserted in the soil of the lower pot.

The rubber plant, Ficus elastica, has been a popular subject of jests, but the constant flow of inquiries wanting to know something about its culture show that it is still quite popular.

As an ornamental house plant it is very satisfactory. It is easily grown, is quite free from attacks of insects and disease, and its bright, glossy foliage and tropical appearance is attractive.

When the plants become too tall, the general question is how to reduce them to a convenient size without spoiling their natural, graceful form. The same question arises in cases of the dracaena. To be technically correct, the dracaena is cordyline. It may extend its stem, after years, until the top reaches up to the ceiling of the room, although the plant may be growing in a 6-inch pot. The roots in that time will have become a solid mass filling the pot.

These too tall plants may be reduced to any desired height and in a very simple manner, in April, May or June.

The illustration tells the story fairly well, but details require explanation.

If mechanically inclined, saw a plant pot in half. That is rather a peculiar piece of work. The saw must run free and not wobble or the pot will crack irregularly.

Before the sawing operation, bore the hole in the bottom of the pot so it will be sufficiently large to fit around the stem of the plant to be reduced in size. That is a difficult job. Any piece of iron with a square edge will serve as a drill. A file answers the purpose.

When the pot is divided soak the pieces in water for half an hour so they may become thoroughly saturated.

The next step is to cut a notch in the stem where the new roots are to form, about 2 inches from just below a node or where a leaf has been removed, making a sliding cut ranging in length from a half-inch to an inch, or a little more, according to the diameter of the stem. Place the two halves of the pot around the stem and tie them firmly together. Fill the pot with clean, damp sphagnum moss and keep the moss wet.

WATER FREELY

The pot around the stem may be supported by tying to a stake inserted in the soil of the lower pot.

Roots will form from the notch in the stem; then the removal process is in order. Begin by cutting part way through the stem below the small pot. Deepen the cut every three or four days until completely severed. Then remove keep the new plant in the shade and syringe the foliage with water at intervals, three times daily. If no signs of wilting are shown, pot in good soil. Water freely and keep in shade until the roots take hold of the soil. Continue daily syringing. Then treat as an established plant.

Start the roots on the stem according to the height wanted for the new plant.

Instead of using a pot, a liberal ball of sphagnum moss tied around the stem, after the cut, will accomplish the same result and the operation is much less laborious.

The lower portion of the plant, from which the top has been removed, will continue to grow, starting a new top stem and also side branches.

The tips of the branches of a Rubber Plant or the top shoot saved for cuttings, as these supply green wood, which roots readily in sand in a greenhouse. Usually only one leaf is permitted to remain on a cutting, and that rolled slightly and tied with raffia.

Garden Question Box

By EDWARD C. VICK

DAMPING OFF CONTROL TOMATO ROT

W. G. L., Lynn: A commercial preparation of formaldehyde dust is now obtainable and is easier to handle than the liquid form. It is called Aunt Dust, sold by seedsmen. Use 1½ ounces per square foot and work well into the soil 1 inch deep. Sow seeds immediately after preparing the soil, and water as soon as the seed is sown. Use no lime in soil in which seeds are to be sown with this preparation.

Blossom end rot of tomatoes is caused by want of moisture in the soil. Work in rotted manure, peat moss or other vegetable matter in the soil at once where the plants are to be set. Moisture holding material of that kind is helpful. Frequent cultivation and application of water in dry weather usually give satisfactory control.

• • •

RUBBER PLANT

J. E. G., Lynn: The article on propagating rubber plants is published in reply to your inquiry.

• • •

POTTING LILAC CUTTINGS

R. C. H., Lowell—Lilacs can be propagated from cuttings. Take strong new shoots when about 3 inches long in April or May. Remove the lower leaves and insert 3 or 4 cuttings around the edge of a 4-inch pot that has been soaked in water for a half-hour or more. Use sandy soil. Soak the soil and place in a coldframe, shaded from the sun. In place of using a coldframe, stand the pot on ashes in a larger pot or box. Cover with a pane of glass. Keep the soil moist.

• • •

BEECHERIAS

C. H. N., Manchester, N. H.—Beecherias, Coral Bells, are not difficult to grow from seed. Sow it in shallow boxes or other named varieties. To keep in good bearing, material of that kind is replaced every three years. The clumps form circles which are easily pulled apart for replanting.

Timely Talk on Poultry

By UNCLE TED

Early matched pullets that are later to be used as breeders should be given a short rest after a long period of heavy production in order to regain their body fitness. These young adult hens, if properly cared for, make good breeders.

The breeding hens, after completing their laying year, should be permitted to rest, molt and build up body weight and reserve vitality before coming back into production. Allowing these breeders, weather permitting, access to a free range or large yard is a good practice.

To hasten a return to production, lights may be started as soon as the molt is underway, provided that the birds are in proper condition. To produce hatching eggs of good quality the breeding stock must be kept in good physical condition.

One male to every twelve to fifteen females is sufficient. It is seldom advisable to add new males after the flock has been mated. Fertility is often improved by allowing only half of the males on the floor at one time, alternating them with the other half twice weekly.

This Week In Garden

Plant window boxes.

• • •

Plant dahlias. In dividing clumps see that each division has a bud on top. Divisions without buds will not produce a plant.

• • •

If any tulips show signs of disease, dig and burn them promptly.

• • •

Plant potatoes, also onions, radishes and lettuce for succession.

• • •

Sow seeds of wanted perennials.

• • •

Plant gladioli bulbs.

• • •

Spray Madonna lilies with Bordeaux mixture to prevent blight.

• • •

Give old hedges a dressing of rotted manure or commercial fertilizer.

• • •

Practically all flower and vegetable seeds can be sown in the open ground now.

• • •

Replace any soil in the rockery that has been washed out by recent rains.

• • •

Repot cacti requiring it.

• • •

Sow seeds of Honesty, Lunaria annua, Cobaea scandens.

This is also called Moon Wort and St. Pete's Penny. The seeds may be sown where the plants are to flower or the plants can be transplanted in the autumn.

This purple-flowered variety has larger flowers than the older white-flowered, Lunaria alba, and the silvery seed pouches are extra good for winter decoration, particularly attractive when combined with the Chinese Lantern Plant, Physalis Franchetti.

Once planted, if all the seed pods are not picked, the seeds will self-sow and the plants will come up year after year, making some consider the plants to be perennials.

TIME FOR SPRAYING

Insects are already active in the garden. Use the sprayer to protect the plants.

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Big 4½ Inch Reflector
60 75 50
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If you are a sufferer from Piles or some other rectal disorder, read carefully the following list of "don'ts"—prepared by Dr. T. G. McCleary, world known rectal specialist. Don't neglect a well defined rectal ailment and expect it to get well. Don't use an ointment for temporary relief, believing it will produce a permanent cure. Don't wait until your whole system is undermined before you consult a competent rectal specialist. Don't take the grave chance of cancer or some other incurable condition developing before you decide to do what you should do now. Dr. McCleary has prepared a book that describes all rectal conditions and the mild McCleary treatment. It will be sent free to any rectal sufferer.
Use the following address: Dr. T. G. McCleary, 2186 Elms Blvd., Excelsior Springs, Mo. Use a postcard or write a personal letter, describing your case if you so desire.

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White Leghorns	$3.50	$6.50	$32.50	$60
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1. BAB Zinnias—Produce large, bushy plants and will be covered with flowers six inches in diameter and three to four inches deep on long stems. These will flower throughout the entire season, and even after the first frost.

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Mr. Vick, our Home Garden Editor, and popular national authority, has created at great expense the following PRIZE-WINNING ZINNIA VARIETIES to help start NEW gardens for Boston Sunday Advertiser readers.

Take advantage of this opportunity today . . . they're yours for merely the cost of handling, packing and mailing.

Zinnia creations as follows:

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Enclosed find.....three-cent stamps for the new

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Make a cross before the packet or packets wanted and for which stamps are enclosed.

Name .....
Print name plainly in pencil.
Street and No. or R. F. D. .....
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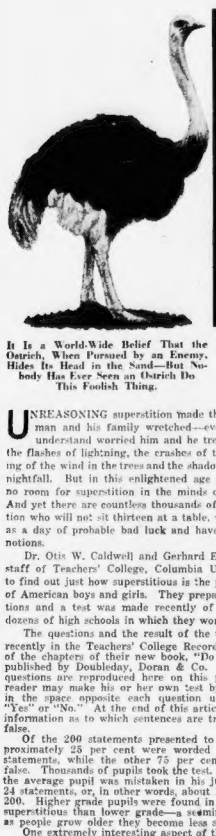
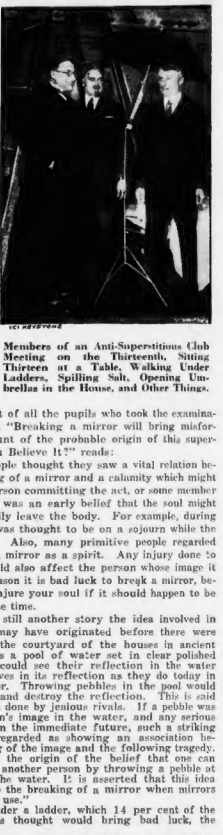
Tests to Reveal How Superstitious You Are



It Is a World-Wide Belief That the Ostrich, When Pursued by an Enemy, Hides Its Head in the Sand—But Nobody Has Ever Seen an Ostrich Do This Foolish Thing.

Leonardo da Vinci's Famous Painting, "The Last Supper." It Was Because Thirteen Were Present on This Memorable Occasion, and the Saviour Was Crucified, and Judas Iscariot, His Betrayer, Hanged Himself Within Two Days, That the World Has Followed the Unwarranted Belief That Whenever Thirteen Sit at a Meal, One Will Surely Die Before the Year Is Up.



Members of an Anti-Superstitious Club Meeting on the Thirteenth, Sitting Thirteen at a Table, Walking Under Ladders, Spilling Salt, Opening Umbrellas in the House, and Other Things.

UNREASONING superstition made the life of the caveman and his family wretched—everything he didn't understand worried him and he trembled in terror at the flashes of lightning, the crashes of thunder, the moaning of the wind in the trees and the shadows that came after nightfall. But in this enlightened age there ought to be no room for superstition in the minds of civilized people. And yet there are countless thousands of persons of education who will not sit thirteen at a table, who regard Friday as a day of probable bad luck and have many other silly notions.

Dr. Otis W. Caldwell and Gerhard E. Lundeen, of the staff of Teachers' College, Columbia University, decided to find out just how superstitious is the present generation of American boys and girls. They prepared a list of questions and a test was made recently of the pupils of the dozens of high schools in which they worked.

The questions and the result of the tests were printed recently in the Teachers' College Record, and also in one of the chapters of their new book, "Do You Believe It?" published by Doubleday, Doran & Co. Sixty of the test questions are reproduced here on this page today. The reader may make his or her own test by putting a check in the space opposite each question under the heading "Yes" or "No." At the end of this article appears correct information as to which sentences are true and which are false.

Of the 200 statements presented to the students, approximately 25 per cent were worded so as to be true statements, while the other 75 per cent were definitely false. Thousands of pupils took the test. It was found that the average pupil was mistaken in his judgment of about 24 statements, or, in other words, about 12 per cent of the 200. Higher grade pupils were found in general to be less superstitious than lower grade—a seeming indication that as people grow older they become less superstitious.

One extremely interesting aspect of the test was that it showed that high school girls shed their superstitions less rapidly than boys, a fact which might be taken as evidence that the female of the species is more superstitious than the male.

"This greater belief in superstition by girls is consistent with similar results from several preceding investigations made by different investigators," Dr. Caldwell and Mr. Lundeen report. And they also felt warranted in assuming, on the basis of the test, that quick-witted pupils were less inclined to be superstitious than dull-witted and that instruction in science apparently has a tendency to make people less superstitious.

Curiously enough, the most widely believed of all the superstitions listed in the test, was the old and thoroughly false idea that an ostrich hides its head in the sand when threatened with danger. Six pupils out of every ten accepted this exploded belief as gospel truth. As Dr. Caldwell and Mr. Lundeen point out in their book, it is highly unlikely, if this custom really were practiced by ostriches, that there would be any ostriches left alive today. They would have all been killed off by their enemies long ago—while hiding their heads in the sand.

Two out of every ten pupils believe that "It brings good luck to hang a horseshoe over the door." Dr. Caldwell and his collaborator have dug up quite a few possible explanations of the origin of the horseshoe superstition.

"One," they say, "is that the horseshoe came to be regarded as an omen of good luck because it resembles the crescent moon. The form of the crescent has from earliest times been associated with good fortune. Heavenly bodies were once regarded either as gods or as the representatives of gods and thus were worshipped. The moon was especially important among the heavenly bodies thus respected. The increase from new to full moon was supposed to exert a beneficial effect upon agricultural pursuits. During this apparent increase of the moon the crops should be planted, the meat animals killed and the meat prepared. The crops planted during the increase of the moon would yield more abundantly and if the cattle were butchered during this time it was believed that the meat would increase in volume when cooked. The similarity of the horseshoe to the half-moon is, therefore, adduced to explain the origin of this good-luck omen.

"Among some earlier people, iron has been regarded as a protective charm against evil. The horseshoe has been used as a device to protect the feet of the horse for many centuries. The horse itself has sometimes been considered a sacred animal. Because of these associations, the iron horseshoe came to be regarded as consisting of three elements, all of which are symbols of luck in themselves; it is crescent-shaped; it is made of iron; and it is part of the horse. Accordingly, horseshoe luck should be trebly good insurance."

Nothing Is More Senseless Than the Widespread Habit of Picking Up Horseshoes in the Street to Bring "Good Luck."

Questions—Make Your Own Answers

	Yes	No
Faith healers can cure human diseases.	....	....
Breaking a mirror will bring misfortune.	....	....
Three is a very lucky number for most people.	....	....
A stray cat around the house is a sign of good luck.	....	....
It brings good luck to hang a horseshoe over the door.	....	....
If March "comes in like a lamb, it goes out like a lion."	....	....
If a picture falls from the wall it foretells misfortune.	....	....
Opening an umbrella in the house is followed by bad luck.	....	....
Good people usually die young.	....	....
Friday the thirteenth is a very unlucky day for most people.	....	....
A change in the moon does not indicate a change in the weather.	....	....
If a person's nose itches, it is a sign that guests will soon arrive.	....	....
When your right ear itches or burns, someone is speaking well of you.	....	....
One should always knock on wood when telling about one's good fortune.	....	....
When two people talk about a certain person, that person usually appears.	....	....
If you dream of the same thing three nights in succession, it will come true.	....	....
Finding a four-leaved clover will bring good luck to the person who finds it.	....	....
An ostrich does not hide its head in the sand when it is threatened with danger.	....	....
It is good luck to find a horseshoe.	....	....
There is no such thing as a lucky number.	....	....
Bright children are usually weak and small.	....	....
Walking under a ladder will bring misfortune.	....	....
The postponement of a wedding brings misfortune.	....	....
Touching a toad or a frog may cause warts on your hands.	....	....
One who sings before breakfast will cry before supper.	....	....
Horsehairs placed in water will turn to horsehair worms.	....	....
When you do not wish to see a person you are likely to meet him.	....	....
A good-looking child usually grows up to be a homely person.	....	....
Giving a knife to a friend as a gift will break the friendship.	....	....
When a snake is killed, its tail does not die until the sun goes down.	....	....
The person who catches the bride's bouquet will be next to be married.	....	....
If the new moon is turned to one side, it means a rainy month will follow.	....	....
If the palm of your left hand itches, it is a sign that you will receive money.	....	....
One who has thin and tightly drawn lips is likely to be stingy with his money.	....	....
A person who sleeps in the moonlight is likely to become mentally defective.	....	....
Prosperity and happiness in life result from being born "under a lucky star."	....	....

	Yes	No
Some dogs can be trained to solve arithmetic problems just as human beings can.	....	....
Getting out of bed on the wrong side makes a person irritable and disagreeable.	....	....
If you sleep with a book under your pillow it will help in remembering your lesson.	....	....
If you carry an umbrella it is not as likely to rain as when you do not carry the umbrella.	....	....
A person's character is determined by the position of the stars at the time of his birth.	....	....
People are more likely to have a happy married life if married in June than in any other month.	....	....
By looking steadily at a person's back, the person can be caused to turn and face the observer.	....	....
If the ground-hog sees his shadow on ground-hog day, there will be six more weeks of cold weather.	....	....
The person who gets the largest piece of a wish-bone while he makes a wish will have his wish fulfilled.	....	....
If you sleep with a piece of wedding cake under your pillow, the person of whom you dream will be your future mate.	....	....
If a person spills salt, he can prevent quarrels with his friends by throwing some of the spilt salt over his left shoulder.	....	....
Planting field crops during the period between the new moon and the full moon will make them grow better than if planted after the full moon.	....	....
A rabbit's foot is more likely to bring good luck than is a buckeye or a bead charm.	....	....
Eating oysters in months which do not contain the letter "r" will cause ill health.	....	....
If you think much about any contagious disease, you are likely to catch that disease.	....	....
Certain people have the power of making others ill by casting a spell or curse upon them.	....	....
Turning back for something forgotten after having started on a journey brings bad luck.	....	....
Sitting at a table with twelve other people means that one in the group will die within a year.	....	....
There is no truth in the idea that when one accident has occurred two others are sure to follow.	....	....
A person who does not look you in the eye while talking to you should never be trusted to be honest.	....	....
The howling of a dog near the house at night is a sign that death will soon come to someone within that house.	....	....
See a pin and pick it up, all the day you'll have good luck. See a pin and let it lie, before the evening you will cry.	....	....
If cousins marry, even though they have good parentage, their children are likely to be feeble-minded or to have other defects.	....	....
If two people accidentally say the same thing at the same time and then link their little fingers together and make a wish, the wish will come true.	....	....

Fifteen per cent of all the pupils who took the examination believed that "Breaking a mirror will bring misfortune." The account of the probable origin of this superstition in "Do You Believe It?" reads:

"Primitive people thought they saw a vital relation between the breaking of a mirror and a calamity which might later befall the person committing the act, or some member of his family. It was an early belief that the soul might at times temporarily leave the body. For example, during a dream the soul was thought to be on a sojourn while the body was at rest. Also, many primitive people regarded the reflection in a mirror as a spirit. Any injury done to the reflection would also affect the person whose image it bore. For this reason it is bad luck to break a mirror, because you might injure your soul if it should happen to be in the mirror at the time.

"According to still another story the idea involved in this superstition may have originated before there were any mirrors. In the courtyard of the houses in ancient Pompeii there was a pool of water set in clear polished marble. Women could see their reflection in the water and dress themselves in its reflection as they do today in front of the mirror. Throwing pebbles in the pool would disturb the water and destroy the reflection. This is said to have been often done by jealous rivals. If a pebble was thrown at a person's image in the water, and any serious misfortune came in the immediate future, such a striking coincidence was regarded as showing an association between the breaking of the image and the following tragedy. This accounts for the origin of the belief that one can bring bad luck to another person by throwing a pebble at his reflection in the water. It is asserted that this idea was transferred to the breaking of a mirror when mirrors came into general use."

Of walking under a ladder, which 14 per cent of the high school pupils thought would bring bad luck, the authors say:

"People in general may have the habit of not walking under a ladder to avoid the risk of being hit by anything falling from the hands of the painter, bricklayer, or whoever may be working at the upper end of the ladder. This objection to walking under a ladder is perfectly logical and rational. But with many people the superstition that it is bad luck for a person to walk under a ladder involves an association of an entirely different nature. It isn't the danger of a smear of paint or the stunning shock of a falling brick, but the token of unseen and mysterious disaster that is feared. In this case we should have less fear of future misfortune than of the immediate danger of falling paint or brick.

"The ladder superstition, like many other superstitions, is based upon ancient, religious thinking. A ladder when leaning against the side of a building forms a triangle which was once regarded as being a symbol of the trinity. It was thought by many persons that one who shows disrespect for this emblem by walking through the triangle would surely be punished for his sacrilegious act. To thoughtful people, safety in walking under a ladder depends upon whether the ladder is then supporting a careless or jocular painter or bricklayer."

The ostrich, mirror, horseshoe and ladder superstitions are all represented in the list of 60 printed on this page. Fifty-six of these sixty statements are false; the other four are true.

These are the four questions that state the truth and the answers should be "Yes:"

A change in the moon does not indicate a change in the weather.

An ostrich does not hide its head in the sand when it is threatened with danger.

There is no such thing as a lucky number.

There is no truth in the idea that when one accident has occurred two others are sure to follow.

"Horrors! This is the Thirteenth! I must be very careful what I do today."

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Gangsterism and Goofy Visions of New York

by M. Dali Super-Realist Artist

SUPER-REALIST CONCEPTION OF THE MYSTERIES AND TERRORS OF GANGSTERISM IN NEW YORK

M. SALVADOR DALI, leading artist of Europe's surprising super-realist cult, continues to furnish The American Weekly with impressions of his exciting and bewildering visit to America.

M. Dali saw a great deal of the tough side of life in New York and the impressions he acquired in this way have resulted in the remarkable picture entitled "Super-Realist Conception of the Mysteries and Terrors of Gangsterism in New York."

Explaining this picture the artist writes:

"This may be called an ultra-synthetic motion picture scenario. It is an impression of the mysteries of New York and gangsterism. Everybody is destroying everybody else. All the persons reveal by their appurtenances contradictory tendencies—criminal and idyllic, brutal and tender, suicide and homicide, romanticism and drabness. The two criminal central figures employ as seat talented cripples, reduced to a state of slavery to be utilized as mere inanimate objects."

A beautiful vamp with treacherous dagger, matimen, guns, suicides, deadly weapons jumbled together, speak eloquently of the life that New York may lead when law-abiding citizens are sleeping.

A series of three pictures is described as "a super-realist poet clothing with romance and mystery a solitary, dreary corner of the East Side of New York by the simple magic moving of a stone." Undoubtedly this dreary spot, perhaps near "the Gas House District," is transformed strangely into a place of sinister mystery.

Concerning one of the pictures, M. Dali writes:

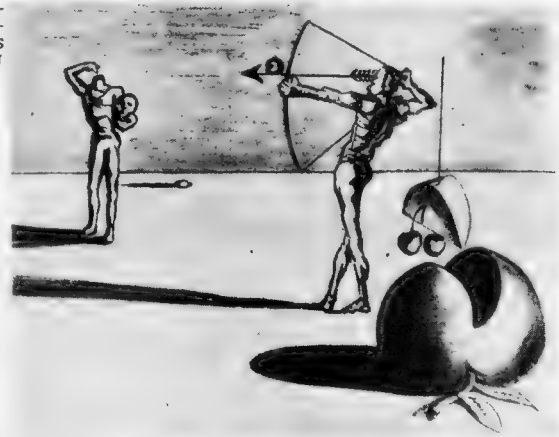
"This represents a super-realistic honeymoon. It would be superfluous to add words to describe this poignant scene." Probably the artist doesn't understand what it's all about.

The ordinary reader may like some help to understand what is comprehensible in this picture. The central figure is, of course, the bride, somewhat shattered by her emotions, but looking at her charms with satisfaction in her mirror. In the distance are vague outlines of castles, woods and lakes, a landscape in which a honeymoon would naturally be passed. But the bride's dressing table stands on the edge of a cliff and she may be going to fall over before the ideal landscape is reached. The most characteristically super-realist feature of the picture, however, is the figure of the man, presumably the bridegroom, who is taking a sail in a bathtub with umbrellas for sails, a masterpiece of incomprehensibility.

Super-realism reaches the climax of the puzzling in the picture entitled "If William Tell Were Alive Today and a Super-Realist." Concerning this picture M. Dali explains:

"Since the days of William Tell, apples have learnt to fly as fast as arrows and often perch on the back of the latter. How then can the arrow catch the apple? You must cut a piece out of the apple and hang it by a thread above the fruit; you may add a couple of cherries to sharpen the hunger of the apple. While the apple eats the piece of itself and the cherries, it remains attached to the thread and it is then that the arrow hits the apple."

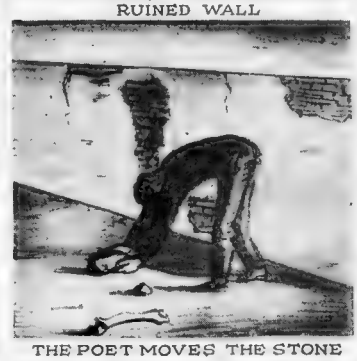
M. Dali admits that he cannot explain all the pictures he draws, and the foregoing appears to be a case of this. They come out of the storehouse of his subconsciousness. An expert in super-realism explains that the artist's mind had been impressed by the top-sy-turvy things he had seen in America and the vast increase in speed and that these conditions had left an impression in his subconsciousness — where a love of William Tell lurked from youth—of an apple being swifter than an arrow.



IF WILLIAM TELL WERE ALIVE TODAY AND A SUPER-REALIST —AS M. DALI SEES THE HISTORIC SCENE RE-ENACTED

A SUPER-REALIST HONEYMOON — EVEN THE ARTIST DOESN'T KNOW WHAT THIS CRAZY PICTURE MEANS

THE STONE, THE BONE AND THE RUINED WALL



THE POET MOVES THE STONE

MYSTERY AND ROMANCE ENVELOP THE SCENE

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Love Job

by Frank Leon Smith

Twenty Cases of Ivy Poisoning in a Camp for Girls Oddly Enough Develop Two Serious Heart Complications Which Respond to the Proper Remedy—Complete in This Issue.

Dr. Blanchard, on His Knees, the Ear Pieces of His Stethoscope Adjusted, Was Moving the Diaphragm Over the Floor. "You'll find the leak right here," He Said.

"AW, shut up!" said young Paul Blanchard to a couple of fat and noisy ribbons. "Or, on the other hand, keep it up!"

The doctor was stepping down the beautiful green [illegible] that was High Street. His heart was full of despair. His head was full of economics. In the elms and maples [illegible] and on the lawns of dignified estates, birds with [illegible] and hearts full of Spring were making a hullabaloo over the new day.

The young doctor had been up all night. Now there was another Tronolone in the world, mother Tronolone and bambino were doing fine, the doctor had torn the trousers of his last gray suit on a Tronolone nail, and he had spent all the cash in his pockets for groceries for the Tronolone larder.

Now he was going home through High Street—not that he had any business on the quarter, but to get the odor of garlic and antiseptic from his nostrils.

"HI LEE!" A screech, a feminine screech. "Can't you stop?"

At the entrance to the best of High Street's most impressive [illegible] was a girl in a flowered house dress, and she didn't have to be a doctor to see that here was a very pretty girl in something [illegible] second and third degree confusion.

The doctor, bag in hand, broke into a run. The breathless girl [illegible] him and led him into the house. On the [illegible] was a white-haired old lady. On a stool beside her [illegible] bowl of black coffee. Young Blanchard dropped [illegible] and began to [illegible].

Her head [illegible] bowed. Now she raised it. Her eyes were [illegible] and she smiled as he said, "Black coffee should be absolutely taboo for you."

The girl was stamping her foot. "No, no! In there!" Dr. Blanchard looked in the direction she was pointing. [illegible] a [illegible] noted on a [illegible] with Venetian [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

The Man Who Was a Cat

by Barbara Charlton

How "Sister Esther," Retired and Wealthy Nurse, Handled the Case of "Pussy" Hawkins, Porch-Climbing Burglar—Complete on This Page.

JIM PASCOE took a three years' holiday. This was not because he was ill or wealthy—indeed the holiday was thrust upon him by a judge who appeared to be of the opinion that it was not the correct procedure for a bank cashier to manipulate the bank's books to his own advantage.

Thus it was that for three years Jim Pascoe sojourned in Sing Sing, having ample time to reflect upon his misdeeds and to form good resolutions for the future.

Everything was in his favor. Had he not the run of a library of educative and ethical works? Had he not the ministrations of a chaplain—visits from authorized prison "visitors," even an occasional concert? De-spite all these obvious advantages, it is to be regretted that this renegade bank officer, instead of planning a new and better life, proceeded to plot further depredations upon the society that had thrust him forth.

In a gang working outside the prison, he frequently found himself alongside a man known as "Pussy" Hawkins. "Pussy" so named, because he was a notorious cat-burglar, was a Cockney Englishman, a wizened little fellow with the dimensions of a jockey and the strength of a lion. To him, trellis-work, gutters, ascending drain pipes and so forth, were the broad highway. He had never been known to fail at a job—and this, his first term of imprisonment, had been brought about not by his faulty workmanship but by a squealing receiver of stolen goods.

To Pussy Hawkins, the bank clerk proposed a scheme that was to make them both rich.

They discussed the matter at considerable length. If you had stood within a few yards of them you would neither have seen their lips move nor heard a syllable, yet both of them, masters of the time-honoured technique of convict dialogue, said all that they wished to say.

This is what Pascoe told Pussy Hawkins while they toiled under the watchful eye of the armed warder and spake not.

When he, Pascoe, was head cashier at his bank, he frequently transacted business over the counter with an eccentric client. She was an elderly nurse who, having been left a considerable fortune, mainly in bonds, had retired into the country. She came up to the bank four times a year to collect her dividends in bundles of a hundred five-dollar bills which she placed in a satchel and took home. She confided to Pascoe on more than one occasion that she "didn't believe in banks—it was bad enough to have to leave her bonds there."

On one occasion the bank sent Pascoe down to the country to interview the old lady on a matter connected with her bonds.

He found her alone—literally alone in a great house in which according to his calculations there must be no less than two hundred and fifty thousand dollars in treasury notes.

"Think of it, Pussy—two hundred and fifty thousand ready—no swag to dispose of—no fences' —what could be simpler?

"Ow'd you know she ain't dead?" mumbled Pussy.

"I'm allowed letters from my wife. I had the last one yesterday—and there isn't a blot in the bottom left-hand corner—see?"

"Strike me pink! You're a bloke," said Pussy, admiringly. "And when are you going aht?"

"In three weeks — all being well."

"That's a month afore me."

"I'll wait for you... Are you on?"

"Yus — I'm on — you bet..."

"Fifty-fifty."

"Yus."

"Can I trust you?"

"I'm a working chap—I ain't no fence," said Pussy bitterly. "Never let anyone, 'cept meself, dahn in me life."

And as they arranged their time and rendezvous, the guard, armed pendulum of the law, went ceaselessly to and fro and heard nothing of these weighty matters.

At his trial Pascoe had told the court that the money he had embezzled (about three thousand pounds) went on the race-course. This story fitted in with his actions and was unchallenged. Actually, being a fond husband and father, he had passed it on to his wife, who in her turn, being a fond wife and mother, lived economically and handed the main portion to her beloved one, on his return from the "vacation."

Pascoe acquired a small car and betook himself at the first opportunity into the heart of the northern New York County where his victim lived to spy out the land. He noted round the solitary house he had visited years before, and found to his delight that the conditions were unchanged.

He was even granted a view of his late client—a tall gaunt woman with iron-grey hair, who came out and placed sundry saucers and dishes on the porch steps.

And he saw cats a-plenty come scurrying from all directions to the said dishes. He counted at least a score of cats. Well—since the old girl was so fond of cats—she shouldn't object to Pussy Hawkins.

In the village nearby, he discovered she was known as "Sister Esther." When she first came to the neighborhood, she put in a lot of time nursing the sick poor—but this was before she went crazy on cats.

In the fullness of time Pussy Hawkins emerged from his retirement and gained touch with Pascoe. Having surveyed the ground together, they made their plans, and one moonless night in June they parked the car in a quiet lane up the road and Pascoe kept watch while Pussy crept through the grounds and climbed swiftly to the balcony over the porch.

It was then that things began to happen very quickly. Pascoe, straining his eyes through the darkness from behind a hedge opposite, could see nothing, but his heart stood still when he heard a crash and what was unquestionably a cry of anguish from Pussy.

The hall door opened, the drive was flooded with light, and he saw to his astonishment Sister Esther emerge from the house, stoop over the recumbent figure of the little man, gather him up in her arms as though he were a child, and carry him into the house.

Pascoe waited about. Nothing happened and he returned to the car and drove despondently back to the city. Born a coward, he would die a coward, and his fears and speculations are not the concern of this brief history.

If Sister Esther guessed her visitor's profession, she gave the matter not a second thought. She had been for twenty years a nurse in charge of the accident ward of a large hospital, and she regarded Pussy as a casualty—nothing more. All the instincts of her years of training came to the fore.

She placed him on a bed and examined his injury with the swift, deft movements that had made her famous to generations of students. She found he had broken his leg pretty badly, and had fainted from the pain and shock.

While he was still unconscious—she set the broken limb and made it safe with a rough splint. Then she waited patiently by the bedside for the injured man to recover consciousness.

Pascoe opened his eyes and found her regarding him gravely. He tried to move and she restrained him gently but firmly.

"Keep quite still," she commanded. "You've broken your leg—you mustn't move on any account."

Pussy essayed to speak, but again Sister stayed him.

She Hauled Out a Big Trunk, Threw It Open, and Pussy Gazed on a Mass of Treasury Note Bundles —as Fresh and Unused as When They Come From the Bank.

"Far better have a good sleep—and then we'll have a talk," she observed.

She disappeared and returned with a draught in a little tumbler.

"Come along now," she said encouragingly.

Pussy took the draught and before long was fast asleep. When he awoke, the sun was streaming through the window and Sister was busy about the room. Not till he had been washed and breakfasted was he allowed to explain his visit.

Pussy, unlike Pascoe, was one of those rare specimens who might be called honest crooks. He never squealed or lied or attempted an alibi. If he was caught—he was caught—and there was an end of it. The previous night as he was about to step silently on the balcony a snarling ball of fur and fury had hurled itself on him. The none too strong balustrade gave to his grip and he fell backwards. And it was a cat that had achieved it—no ordinary cat—but a Siamese—as Sister Esther explained to him later—a descendant of a royal line of cats that had the brain and ferocity of a dog.

"It was funny, Marm, me bein' set back by a cat—seein' as 'ow I'm a sort of cat meself."

Sister Esther wheeled on him sharply and gave a little gasp.

"You a cat?" she ejaculated.

"Well—only in a manner o'speaking I be," said Pussy, scenting a possible advantage. "Ye see, I'm wot they calls a cat burglar."

"A cat burglar," murmured the old nurse slowly.

"Yus, that's wot they calls me—you see, I climbs walls and roofs just like a cat. Chaplain at the prison said as 'ow I must a bin a cat in another life."

Sister Esther nodded her head gravely.

"Of course, he was right."

Pussy regarded her with an incredulous stare.

"Meanin'-say Mum, you reely believe I was a cat once?"

"I do, indeed," said Sister emphatically. "You can no more help climbing up walls and roofs than any ordinary cat—and all cats are—well—they all—steal."

Pussy grinned. "In that case, Mum—see,'n' as 'ow you're so fond o' cat,—maybe you won't be givin' me up to the perlice?"

"I shouldn't dream of it, you poor darling, you," said Sister. "I hate men—all men—but I love cats."

Pussy Hawkins remained silent. His principal anxiety was over. There would be no arrest—no long stretch (it would indeed be a long one this time, if they got him). But if this old lunatic was going to regard him as a sort of cat, he felt that—well, it was a bit thick. Didn't like the idea—never mind—let her get on with it.

Sister Esther broke in on his reflections.

"Who told you this house was worth burgling?" she asked.

She put the question in an idle, almost gossiping tone.

"Shouldn't like to tell you, Mum," said Pussy, awkwardly. "Ye see, it wouldn't be fairly fair like."

"Oh, well, it doesn't matter," said Sister. "Whoever it was, he was quite right." She dived down by the side of the bed and hauled out a big trunk. She threw it open and Pussy, his poor eyes starting from his head, gazed on a mass of treasury note bundles—as fresh and unused as when they came from the bank. Each packet had its paper band.

She tossed a half dozen bundles on to the bed. "Like to play with them, darling?" she said calmly.

The helpless man groaned. His hands trembled as he touched the treasure—the sweat started from his forehead.

"You poor darling, you," said Sister tenderly. "You shall play with them as much as you like."

That night, in spite of his sedative, Pussy Hawkins slept badly. He had dreams of five-dollar bills that danced round him in endless chains—mocking him—deriding him. They fluttered about his face and head like bats. They entered his head and munched through his brain. They laughed at him and shouted, "Cat burglar — Cat burglar — ha-ha-ha — Cat burglar." Sister Esther came in during the night to look at him. She placed her hand on his forehead and frowned. He was in a burning heat. Was anything going wrong?

"Poor darling Pussy — poor darling," she whispered and smoothed the sleeping man's forehead.

The following morning Pussy Hawkins' temperature had subsided and he felt considerably better. Sister Esther bustled about energetically, and the sick room was conducted with the thoroughness and regularity of ward routine.

Towards lunch-time she disappeared, explaining to Pussy that she was going to feed her "family."

She returned later in great distress. One of her pets, she told Pussy, had been badly mauled by a dog. She went to the cupboard and took out a bottle and piece of lint.

Pussy watched her with interest.

"Goin' to put 'im aht, Mum?"

Sister nodded. "Yes, with chloroform—you see—he's hopelessly injured—and I can't bear to see him suffer—it's the only thing to do."

When she was gone, Pussy sank back on the pillow.

"Blimey—what a show!" he muttered wearily. "Sooner I'm aht the better." In an excess of rage he seized a bundle of notes that lay on the chair and hurled it across the room.

He Heard a Crash and What Was Unquestionably a Cry From Pussy.

Sister returned and placing the chloroform back in the cupboard, looked round and saw that he had done [illegible]

"Now, now, Pussy," she said reproving[illegible] "I am naughty."

"I'm sorry, Mum. I can't 'elp it—my leg—it do 'urt something awful."

It was true. The injured limb was throbbing and painful, and Pussy again had a temperature.

Sister examined the leg. Over the injured area it was hot, tender and swollen.

Pussy could see she was none too happy about his progress. Hesitatingly, he suggested he [illegible] send for a doctor.

Sister shook her head vigorously. Not [illegible] had "taught multitudes of young doctors their [illegible] work." Besides, the doctor would ask [illegible] and tell the police, and then they would come and take away her darling pussy—

"Listen, Mum—I ain't reely a cat. S[illegible] see? Wot I mean is reely I'm a man [illegible] man—see? I mean, they only call me Pussy 'cos I could climb a bit—but nothin' like what you'd call climb. I'm [illegible] not like what a real cat could climb—see?"

"You poor darling, you're wander ng," said Sister [illegible] miseratingly.

"No, Mum, I ain't wandering only I don't want you to get into your 'ead like as I was a real cat [illegible] reely and truly I'm a man."

"Yes—yes—yes—you poor dear."

"Well, it's like this, Mum, if you don't mind. I'm a burden an' a nuisance to you, an', well, I knows it—an' I'd rather—if you don't mind—and no offence—go orf to the 'orspital—an' let the cops do what they like after with me, see?"

"Yes—yes—darling Pussy. Now have a little sleep." Pussy groaned, and lay back on the pillow. That night he dreamed again of bank notes that danced and went by him in an endless chain—and that, by the strange [illegible] of dreams, took on the faces of gibbering, mouthing cats.

When sister Esther examined her patient in the morning, she found him distinctly worse. One glance told her that the circulation of the limb below the fracture had stopped—with dire result.

Only an amputation could [illegible] him, but a cat with an amputation—it was absurd. She stood up and [illegible] thing, went to the cupboard.

Pussy watched her intently. "Can't I 'ave a doctor, Mum?" he whedled.

"You poor darling—there will be no pain, I promise."

A cold sweat seized on Pussy. [illegible] for [illegible] raging, blinding terror fell upon him. [illegible] and [illegible] him. With horror-stricken eyes he saw her approach him with the dreaded bottle and cloth.

She was smiling tenderly.

"Listen, Mum—I ain't no cat—for God's sake, listen!"

"Poor dear—lean the head back."

She bent down his feeble hands and tucked them tightly under the bed-clothes.

Her arm encircled his neck. The effort of movement was too much for him. In agony and despair he inhaled the sweet, pungent fumes. The room went round, and his bed was flowing—floating—

"Listen—listen—notta cat—notta cat! Bill—Bill—Ethel—Mother—notta cat—notta—cat."

Love Job

by Frank Leon Smith

(Continued from Preceding Page.)

—won't you have dinner with us one evening soon? You'll like my dad. He's awfully jolly."

"Why, thanks, thanks a lot." Paul's heart, doctor's heart though it was, did a giant swing on one of his ribs. "I'd love it, but—" he managed to sigh, "a doctor's time is not his own."

Barney, bringing up the rear with some of Paul's paraphernalia, wished he could reach around Aline and kick his boss. Gee, this invite came from High Street! Grab it, Doc! Rich people get sick, too. Here's your chance to get a few of 'em on your list!

At the island end of the bridge, Aline made one more cast. "We lead such a simple life—if you'd only just feel free to call up any day and say you'd be over. My aunt often asks for you, and—"

"That's awfully nice of you, Miss Dale. "I'll—I'll keep it in mind."

"Oh, darn!" she thought. "Oh, doctor!" she said. "Just a minute." She rested her bag on the handrail and fished for a pocket checkbook and pen. "If you'll tell me the charge—"

And then gravity went eccentric with Barney, and he had to grab a small birch tree, to keep his feet. Dr. Blanchard said, "I believe the camp is a charitable enterprise. I am glad to contribute my services. Good day, Miss Dale." He lifted his hat and walked across the bridge.

Barney let go the tree and staggered after him, leaving a dazed, fiery faced girl.

IV.

"You don't mean what you say," said Miss Dale—Miss Henrietta Dale. "Why, I think he's a fine figure of a man, and I like him."

"I didn't say anything about his looks," said Miss Dale—Miss Aline Dale. "I merely made the remark that he's a stuck up prig, and a bore and a bore, and I hate him!"

Her aunt regarded her with those eyes of rare old blue. "Why, you said he came the minute you sent for him, and even if it doesn't take an expert to diagnose a case of poison ivy, he made those girls feel better, didn't he?"

"Yes, and he tried to make me feel like a child, and when I wanted to pay him he acted as though he had a tall hat and spats on. 'Huh, my dear—me take money for charity cases? Don't be absurd!' It was just too bad he didn't have his cane and monocle along."

"He called you, 'my dear'?"

"Now Auntie, don't be so literal. You know what I mean."

"Well, why don't we ask the young man over to dinner some night—"

Aline stooped, hands on knees and wagged an exasperated head. "Ask him? I've asked him a hundred times, and I'm tired and sick of asking him, and as soon as this confounded camp closes next week, I'm going away."

"Why, Aline! I thought you liked the camp."

"Oh, the camp is all right, but the things you have to put up with—that doctor with his superiority, and his hired chauffeur and a car—only the chauffeur is really nice. He's human, at least."

"Chauffeur? He was on foot, the day he came here about the plumbing. What's the chauffeur's name? Do I know him?"

"His name is Barney, and he's from the New York hospital where Doctor Blanchard got his training—I mean, that's what people say. I don't know and I don't care. I'm just not interested. Anything you want down town, Auntie? I'm going out."

When the side screen door slammed, Miss Henrietta Dale grabbed her cane and did something that was not her wont, but which she had no compunctions about. She snooped. From a dining room window, she saw Aline climb into the station wagon, start the motor, then dab at her eyes with a small handkerchief.

"Hm," and thought Miss Henrietta Dale, and when the car left the drive, she went to the telephone.

"Dr. Blanchard? Well, where is he? Telegraph office? Oh—is this Barney? Now you listen to me, Barney—this is Miss Henrietta Dale, One Hundred High Street—and I want you to go to Dickinson's Drug Store and get me—get me five pounds of Epsom Salts. Charge it to my account and bring it here as fast as you can."

Fifteen minutes later, Barney rang the bell. The butler showed him into the parlor, and departed.

Barney surveyed the seated old lady who was regarding him with twinkling eye. "I came as fast as I could, Ma'm," and he put the package on the table.

"Thanks, Barney. My brother finds it so refreshing in his bath. Come here—here's something for your trouble," and she gave him a folded bill.

"Aw now, Miss Dale, there's no charge—I mean, it was a pleasure."

When he came in she noticed his shoes were scuffed and broken, that his clean white shirt had a torn collar, that he needed a haircut. Before he came in, she noticed that his car, while well washed and polished was one that had had many birthdays; that the two spare tires strapped to the rear were so worn that—as she thought, but of course, wouldn't say—the underwear showed through.

She gave Barney her most gracious smile. "Sit down, young man. Have a cigarette? There's some in that box. Now I'm going to ask you something. Why doesn't Dr Blanchard like my niece?"

Barney stiffened, cigarette and match in hand, shot a look at her, then lighted up. "What'd you say?"

She drove her cane against the floor. "You know very well what I said. Is he married? Engaged? No? Then is he interested in some other girl?"

(Continued on Page 24.)

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Visiting Man's Fe

Interesting Experiences of a French Explor the Home of the Gorilla and Among the Natives of the Wild Forests of the Camer

The Solemn Face of a Young Gorilla as He Sits for His Photograph, Closely Watching the Manipulation of the Camera.

Village of Native Blacks in a Clearing on the Edge of the Forest, Where Gorillas Raid the Banana Plantations and Occasionally Molest the Natives. Photographs by Pierre Ichac, the French Traveler and Explorer.

The Body of the Mother-Gorilla Lashed to a Pole as It Is Being Transported Through the Forest by the Native Hunters.

By M. Pierre Ichac,

The French Traveler and Explorer.

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IN spite of the progress of science, the making of roads and improved administrative organization in Africa, the equatorial forest still keeps a great part of its mysteries. Its secret life, its native hunters, its pigmies and its gorillas still belong, even in 1935, to the realms of legend.

When, a few months ago, I set foot for the first time in Central Africa, I was entirely ignorant of the subject of these articles. Magicians, elephants, gorillas and pigmies had excited my curiosity in the highest degree, but I knew nothing about them.

This ignorance was not because I had omitted to read many books on the subject, to interview explorers and visit museums. All these things had only enabled me to realize the vanity of books, museums and explorers. I had lost hours and even weeks in conscientiously collecting misleading information on the countries I was going to visit. I had devoted myself especially to the study of the gorilla.

In different books I learned that he was a brotherly and amiable cousin of man, a monster of strength, intelligence and gentleness, exiled in inaccessible forests. And I dreamt of taming entire families of them from babies up to old men gorillas. However, the museums which exhibited stuffed gorillas menacing the public with their open jaws, seemed to contradict the books on these points. I concluded that this expression of ferocity, permanently fixed by the museum expert, was only directed at men brutal enough to track and wound these poor beasts in their lairs. In my dreams I saw enormous gorillas who roamed peacefully through the forests, drawn up to their full height as in the museums. Then came the brutal crowd of hunters, and the wounded gorilla ran, still standing upright as in the museums, and struck down the hunters with his club.

Alas, at that time, I did not yet know that books and museums were like me, in that they were only familiar with stuffed gorillas.

From Marseilles in France to the Cameroon in Africa, where I was going to land, my ideas, which I formed on the steamship, became more and more alarming. Some of my traveling companions, officials or traders, were returning for the second, third, or even the fifth time, to Cameroon. I trusted in their experience and confessed to them I was a writer, about to visit for the first time the forest of the East Cameroon. I immediately heard from them that all writers about Africa were pretentious idiots, who spent a week or so in port, or on the automobile roads, and then told an infamous lot of lies about officials and traders and the wild country which they never visited. Some of the more excited even said that every writer landing at Douala, in the Cameroon, should be immediately hanged. As I had a modest and sincere air, they said they would make a temporary exception in my case, and in the meantime they were all ready to give me information.

They told me that I should be unable to travel as a white man alone in the forest, and that I should never see elephants or pigmies or gorillas. All that I could hope in the eastern forest was to die of fever, sleeping sickness, sunstroke or poison at the hands of savages. I listened to all this without turning a hair, but a little annoyed at such positive assertions. They told me that I had no chance of meeting a gorilla; that the mere sight of one of these monsters would strike me with such terror that I should not be able to take any photographs—I found that questionable—that I should have to wear enormous boots on acount of the mud, the thorns and the snakes; that I should be devoured by mosquitoes; and that it was impossible to take a step in the bush without speaking "pidgin," a curious mixture of corrupt English, French and German, suited to the Negro; that the rarest known game animal called the dahut, which seems to be like a chimera, is hunted at night with a bag and alarm clock, a club and a bugle. Even more fantastic stories than this were told me, and I will not try to repeat them all.

I traveled from the port of Douala, which has one of the most depressing climates in the world, to Yaoundeh, where the naked natives spend their time admiring the sewing machines of the white men, and from Yaoundeh to Ayos, which is a center of treatment for sleeping sickness.

Every paddle stroke that carried me away from Ayos separated me from civilization, and from the last whiskey with iced soda, which is one of its most appreciable advantages. The pirogue, or canoe, in the bottom of which I was crouched with my rifle on my knees, progressed slowly on the broad Nyong River. Behind me Ayos, on its hill, dominated by the enormous tree which, perhaps, gave it its name, disappeared from sight, lost in the wilderness of reeds, while at each movement of the man with the paddle the field of adventure drew nearer.

The unknown began for me at a point in a range of hills from which the wild forests descended to the river. A narrow path led down to a small group of huts. That was where my route began. The clear water was replaced by a marshy creek, where a floating house appeared made of two pirogues under a straw roof. Between the two canoes a nude woman was washing a dress with a pink pattern and gossiping as she did so. Standing in the water up to the waist she pushed through the reeds. Then stepping over my boatmen I finally succeeded in reaching the solid ground, where I found myself in front of two old women seated on straw mats. Near them a man gazed with sad eyes at a chicken without feathers on its neck. The forest did not present a cheerful appearance to me. The large canoe, which was supposed to be bringing my baggage, my ten porters and my cook, did not arrive. I decided to start out and entered alone the pathway of the unknown.

What should I find on the other side of this steep hill? The hostility of the natives, against which I had been warned, all sorts of obstacles—fatigue, fever, homesickness—awaited me. What would it matter if in spite of all scepticism I found real savages and gorillas?

For a moment I watched and listened. The outlook was reassuring. I climbed the difficult pathway vigorously. My step was light and my breathing easy. Wearing soft shoes, short breeches and an open shirt with sleeves rolled up, I enjoyed the fresh air.

At the top of the pathway there was a tiny village. It consisted of three square huts with roofs made of raphia. Before one of the huts there was a group of men. I approached them and found I was breathing pure air no longer. Before me I saw a pair of skulls fastened to a post. Near it was a black gentleman of extreme elegance, wearing a cap, bell-bottom trousers, a pink shirt with a collar and a butterfly tie, such as I did not expect to see among the savages. He presented himself in clear tones, speaking French correctly and without accent. He was the agent of M. Durand's factory, or trading depot. The baskets he was weaving contained his purchases of ground nuts, cocoa and coffee. The harvest of the forest was abundant this year, but the prices low on account of the depression.

Surprised and disappointed, I dropped into the rattan armchair that they brought me in the middle of a store filled with European goods. And this was the forest, the unknown wilderness, of which I had so long dreamed.

Believe me, I was very much depressed and full of anxiety when, my men having caught up with me, I finally began my march. We tramped for a long time, and the sun was going down. The great heat of the day had lessened and the high bushes gave us refreshing shade. The narrow track through the red clay, covered by green grass in places, made its way through two walls of thick bushes, and from time to time descended into a narrow valley. We crossed a bridge built of round logs, under which a black and silent stream flowed. The other side was almost vertical, and the path went up steps cut in the clay. Thousands of invisible birds cried and twittered, accompanied by the croaking of myriads of frogs.

I went on listening, wondering what I was going to see and enjoying intensely the refreshing weather. I had walked quickly and left my string of porters far behind me without encountering any human being to break up my meditations. Just as the sun went down I met a man upright, motionless, under a tree. He was dressed in a cotton cloth with a blue pattern, which fell from his waist to his feet, and a waistcoat of cotton mesh work, and held two spears in his hand. When he saw me he hardly turned his head and resumed at once his silent watch.

I looked with him at the narrow edge of the pathway, seeing nothing but the thick bush. There were no large trees and a few banana trees were the highest. I did not wish to break his silence, but was full of curiosity, and I asked in a whisper, pointing to the bush:

"What is there?"

In the same tone, and without turning his head, he answered only one word.

"Ngi."

Of all the languages of the forest, I knew only one word, which I had learned with eagerness when planning my journey and had never forgotten. It was this one—Ngi—which means gorilla.

A few steps from us in the bush under a banana tree there was a gorilla.

My Winchester came down of itself from my shoulder and was already in my right hand, ready to fire, while I listened with all my senses strained. Then I heard something. In the first place, I heard behind me at the left the sharp sounds of an ax on a tree. It was a woodcutter, no doubt. Then in the bush there was a murmur, a mixture of sounds, confused at first, but which gradually acquired a sharpness and seemed to dominate all other sounds. It was an angry guttural voice:

"Bok! Bok! Bokbokbokbok! Bokbok!" shouted the invisible beast. And this cry filled me with deep joy. My profound faith in what I was going to meet was justified in spite of the sceptics. Henceforth, I was going to trust in my star and my own perseverance.

My cook arrived and acted as interpreter, ar I learned from the man with the spears the b ginning of the story. With his companion, whom had heard chopping with his ax on my left, th were working in their woodshop when the goril arrived, peevish, obstinate, not attacking, bu not to be driven away. An arrow from a bo soaked to the length of a finger in the most poten poisons of the forests had already wounde this powerful monster, which had crossed th path just before my arrival. The death of the gorilla, therefore, was only a matter of hours But the man with the spears said that a desperate charge was still to be feared.

A heavy branch shook in the bush. We listened again. The grumbling of the gorilla had changed its character, or should I say he was no longer grumbling. He was hiccoughing and throwing up his insides desperately. These were the effects of the poison. I had traveled six t seven thousand miles, left Paris and my famil crossed the ocean, passed over mountains ar rivers and had reached the heart of Africa : hear a gorilla vomit.

The noisy arrival of my porters, whom I fe it my duty to protect with arms in my hands, an our loud conversation no doubt frightened th gorilla. He became silent. But his angry voic

rocious Relative in the African Jungle

er in

oon

Native Woman of the Cameroon District Preparing to Cook the Evening Meal.

Banana Grove Before the Gorillas Visited It, and the Same Plantation Broken Down and Trampled After the Visit of the Huge Creatures.

"Bobo," the Baby Gorilla.

was heard again, further away, and then became silent. We left the man with the spears and his companion whose ax strokes on the tree could still be heard.

The black hunter who was marching ahead stopped suddenly with one foot raised like a setter dog. With his head and body leaning towards the bush he listened for a long time, and slowly, imperceptibly, his foot came in contact with the grass again. In a few noiseless steps he was beside me, and said in a voice so low that it was confused with the rustling of the leaves:

"Master, I have marched very silently, and you must do so now. The gorilla hears well and sees well."

His gestures added to the meaning of his words. Before us two pigmies leaning on their enormous elephant lances with wide blades, followed him with their eyes. We had started quite late that morning to follow up our first gorilla track. The two pigmies, who belonged to the Babinga tribe, had promised to accompany us, but when the day came did not seem anxious to keep their word. It was necessary to send three successive messengers to their camp while the sun was rising slowly in the fog. They came at last, with their great lances and covered with amulets.

With them was a young, smiling and rather foolish hunter, who carried a barbed spear with a minute tip, almost a child's plaything.

The narrow winding path crossed a small black repulsive creek, filled with troublesome palm trees and masses of yellow sticky mud before it became again a kind of dark tunnel through the bush. Around us were the high stems tangled together of the bombax, which is commonly called bamboo, and a few banana trees, the remains of an old plantation. The sky, or the little of it that we could see above our heads, appeared of a gray green and grew darker minute by minute. The herbage which grew thickly on the abandoned track was heavy with the night dew, and we struggled along with this cold dampness half-way up our legs. From the tops of the trees, which were lost in clouds of fog, there came to us the monotonous sound of drops of water falling heavily on the leaves. At the end of a branch 150 feet in the air the water gathered drop by drop, swelling into a liquid projectile. Then came the explosion. The enormous drop fell, struck another branch and shook it. All the drops of water hanging to this branch ran down at once, spattering the rest of the tree with a noise like a machine gun. In the trees a melancholy bird kept repeating three flute-like notes, always the same, like an exercise. Although many birds were making deafening noises, I could only hear this one.

Following the advice of the black hunter carefully, I began to march silently with the others. We stopped—there were tracks of the gorilla. Who would have suspected that this vague tunnel through the bamboo stalks into which the oldest of the pigmies was now plunging could tell so many things? A few steps were sufficient to convince me of this. Soon I saw broken stems and leaves crumpled by the hand of the gorilla. I saw a young banana tree broken, crushed, its trunk split into a bunch of ribbons. Under the leaves was the impression of a hand with bent fingers.

"A female," said the black hunter.

There was a noise on the left, a crackling of branches and a rustling of leaves. The top of a young tree 100 feet away was shaking. A gorilla was eating there. But the old pigmy made another scouting expedition into the thicket on the right. Another gorilla was there, the one who had left the fingerprints.

We were among the gorillas. In the hands of the black hunter, who was armed, and who understood what he was doing, I felt nothing but a modest pupil whom a severe frown was enough to put in his place, which in the present case was the lowest one. A great uneasiness troubled me. If one of us should be wounded or killed, what a responsibility for the white man. The least awkward movement on my part, a mere twig breaking under my foot might bring on these tragedies, and I obeyed the black hunter.

It was not a good place for photography. There were dark thickets to right and left. There was barely an open space of three feet at my sides, and behind and in front the view was restricted to thirty feet by the twisting of the path. A photograph could only be taken face to face with the gorilla. A close-up under these conditions would pass too easily into a bodily struggle, which I wished to avoid. The sky was continually growing darker. What would be the outcome of this fight between Negroes and gorillas in a tunnel?

With my camera ready and my heart beating I advanced, proud of keeping silence, but I was called to order. My hunter and his three men were going ahead of me. I stuck close to the last one. Then I saw the hunter alone making a warning motion. I came up to him. He went ahead ten feet and faced the thicket on the right. I threw an uneasy look behind me, where the other gorilla was still eating.

A noise like thunder made me jump. The storm was close at hand. A wind passed loudly over us and then faded away in the distance.

When silence had returned I heard just before me noises of crackling and growling. Shadows moved quite near me. Which was the gorilla? A roar answered me. The roar of a charging gorilla, which one can never forget, and then an explosion and the smell of powder in the damp air. There was a second explosion and a tearing noise in the bushes. My four companions ran toward it and I went after them. We found a black mass stretched out, with its nose on the ground. Then there arose a sharp howling, the piercing cry of a young one. We had surprised a mother with her little one.

But the black hunter started out again through the bush on the track of the second gorilla. I remained alone with the younger of the Babingas under the broad leaves, near the trees, which had been torn up by the gorillas when eating. The female was placed on her back for a photograph. Her young one, with its head lifted up, was crying like a child and shaking its mother to awaken her. She was just passing away and uttered a great sigh, stifled with blood, and then her head fell back. Her throat had been penetrated by a bullet. Clinging to his mother and crawling over her, the baby, with his eyes popping out of his head, howled at us with the tremendous cry of the gorillas. He was so small that the thunder-like noise of the big gorillas was reduced in him to a sharp, piercing cry, which was quite alarming all the same. He tried to frighten us, howled ceaselessly and showed his milk teeth in anger.

The young pigmy who was keeping company with me took out his stone lighter and made some fire before going a few steps away and engaging in some mysterious operation on a monkey's skull, which he took out of a little bundle of leaves. Then he returned to the track, picked up the copper case of the spent cartridge and stuck it in the lobe of his left ear. It suddenly began to grow dark and the storm broke out.

When the hunter and his men had returned we started on the road back, covered with mud, striped and soaked by the rain, while the little gorilla howled continually, hanging like a child to the waist of one of the pigmies.

When the rain had stopped, some men brought back the body of the mother gorilla to the village, and without making any fuss they started to cut it to pieces, surrounded by a mob of women and children, who sometimes jumped back shrieking and sometimes came close to touch the monster.

When I had finished measuring the beast I found it measured four feet two inches from the top of the skull to the heel, and six feet six inches across the arms, which are the ordinary dimensions of a rather young female. I followed with close interest this new lesson of anatomy in the virgin forest, not without being subject to a disturbing doubt. Should I eat, or should I not eat the creature? There is the exterior mop of thick hair of a brownish black and swelling like a wild beast, and there is the face, which some people think almost human, but which looked at calmly and with common sense appears to me monstrous.

Then should I eat some of the monster? No feeling of bloodthirstiness encouraged me to do it and no strong appetite. But a greater traveler than I, William B. Seabrook, has written that he has tasted human flesh on the Ivory Coast. According to him, human flesh has the taste of veal. Now, on this subject, I questioned in the Cameroon forest several old specialists, who were undoubtedly competent to speak on cannibalism. Old Nkoundeh, whose ear lobes hung down to his shoulders, licked his lips voluptuously as he recalled his happy memory of grilled human

(Continued on Page 24)

Pearls of Chinchorro

by Herbert Jensen

The Struggle for a Priceless Legacy at the Bottom of the Sea

CHAPTER I.
Castaway.

CLIFF BELLEW began the ascent of the palm trunk, shinnying like a chesty monkey. Halfway he rested, his bruised side pounding dully. He sucked in his breath through lips that tasted of salt, and gritty still with sand. For an instant the beaches, the sea, the sky, that palm crown promontory reeled in pin-wheel smears of cobalt and green.

He clung doggedly to the rough bark. Slowly his vision cleared. He squinted his eyes against the sun. To the right of him was the beach where he had regained consciousness an hour before. He turned his head slowly. Back of him the out-flung promontory; on each side the brassy sea.

His mind was filled with amazement—a wonderment that grew as he peered ahead at a low-lying tangle of brush and swamp that diminished to a point where it met the sea again three miles away. It was, indeed, as he had suspected. He was on an island.

But somehow the memory as to how he had gotten here was denied him. He remembered the fight on the schooner, and the blow that had sent him spinning into the sea. Beyond that he had no recollection. He licked at his lips.

Again he swiveled his head. Judging from the dim line of coast he was at least six miles or so off shore. No sign of native life animated the thin scimitars of beaches that made a gleaming fringe about his islet. Only the roughly built lean-to near which he had recovered his senses—a flimsy thing, built, doubtlessly, by some wandering fisherman long ago for a night's shelter and left to decay in the sun.

The sun blazing down on his uncovered head reminded him of his danger from sunstroke. He slid down the trunk. Thoughtfully he walked back to the beach. The palm-thatched lean-to was broken and weather-worn; nevertheless Cliff threw himself down beneath it, grateful for the scanty shade.

There was an olla—a water jar—with its bulbous base buried in the sand. He had found it beside him when he had come to, and to his surprise a packet of pancake-like tortillas smeared with bean paste. He had already eaten those, but there was still some water in the jar. Cliff now drank half of what remained, fighting back an almost overwhelming impulse to drain it all.

He experienced a sensation of gratitude for the drink and the food, then instantly his lips curled in a grimace of self-derision. Small reason to feel thankful. It was little enough for that brutal crew who had flung him off the Carib Girl to have done. But had it been they who had left the food and water? He shook his head to clear it. There was a gap in his train of recollection that—

He wondered that Captain Tharp of the Carib Girl had left him anything. Or, for that matter, the schooner's dwarfed mate Josey—whose snarling mulatto features was his last conscious memory...or was it was the pudgy Tharp's fat face smiling beyond Josey's shoulder as the breed's spatulate fingers clawed for his throat.

Lightly Cliff Bellew touched his neck below his chin. He winced at the tender contact of his fingers. The ache in his head had been caused when in the struggle he'd been slammed against the bulwark.

He had caught them looting his luggage. He had objected—perhaps more strenuously than wisely. Cliff smiled wryly. He, Cliffton Bellew, ornithologist, after paying for his passage had been robbed, assaulted, then castaway on an unknown island.

Bird life had taken Cliff to strange places; he had been, even, in unusual situations before. But they had been of his own choosing. Meeting Captain Tharp in New Orleans, the captain had agreed to take him south to Bonacca Island lying northward of Cape Honduras where, pursuing his profession, he would remain for some months capturing and classifying new species of birds.

But Tharp had made a thief's bargain. Cliff looked down at his torn shirt pulled out from wrinkled duck trousers. The ravages of sea water were apparent. He'd been in the water he knew by the salty ring dried into the creases of his clothing. Cliff remembered that in the struggle Josey had bent him backward over the bulwark and struck him. He could recall nothing beyond that point.

There was the water and tortillas to explain. Could one of the crew of four Negroes who manned the Carib Girl have come to his assistance in some way? Hardly! They'd been a sullen lot—he had seen little of them during the four days and nights the schooner had slanted south across the Gulf. It was beyond consideration that one of them would have taken his part against Tharp and the mate Josey. If one had, then where was he now?

Again Cliff shook his head—this time not to clear the web from his brain, but to gesture his perplexity.

Suddenly he arose and thinned his eyes against the sun over the promontory to his right. Through the palm trunks he had seen a bright patch against the sea. Sunlight glinting on a distant wave top? It was too steady for that. It was the white hull of some craft!

He stared incredulously out from the beach. He ran his hand reflectively over the stubble of beard that was beginning to show darkly against the bronze skin. It was true: a craft of some sort was passing by the island!

With the pain in his side forgotten he began running toward his look-out. He'd climb the tree, strip his shirt from his back, and signal. At the tree he paused, and fumbled at the buttons on his shirt.

It was a stroke of fortune. He had had no serious doubts but that eventually he would have been found and taken from this isolated spot, but this was rare good luck, indeed. The possibility that this strange craft might be the Carib Girl returning never occurred to him

He scrambled up the palm trunk. The rough bark cut at his hands but he felt no discomfort. The pain again stabbed at his hurt side but he considered it only as a handicap that impeded his progress. The shadow of the fronds above enveloped him. With legs and one arm clamped around the bole he swung outward and waved the shirt he had torn from his back before he began the ascent.

But there was no sail! Ahead of him was only the tall and stately palm grove on the promontory, beyond which the brassy sea lay like a molten cloud. He could hear no engine beat. His ears sung and his brain pounded from the blood-pulse of his effort.

Almost automatically he continued to wave his shirt; then suddenly the ridiculousness of his situation smote him. He began to chuckle; then sliding down the trunk he leaned against it and laughed until he was weak.

"Castaway!" he gasped. "Mirage and delusion! The wish is father to the thought. Already I'm waving a shirt at an empty sea! What'll it be when I've been here—" He laughed again, and looked upward.

A rather large white bird with a curious pink patch about his eyes flew over the brush ahead of him. The smile died on Cliff's lips. He regarded the bird as it flew slowly away from him.

Josey Had Bent Cliff Backward Over the Bulwark and Struck Him. He Could Recall Nothing Beyond That Point.

Cliff said aloud with self-mockery:

"Yesterday you would have been a guara alba to me," he chuckled, "but today you're just another bird."

The ibis, in stately fashion, flapped out of sight.

Cliff walked toward the beach. His mind did not dwell upon his recent disappointment. He would get off the island he thought philosophically if he had to swim to the mainland to do it. But he must find water soon—water and food. He reached the beach. He lifted his eyes and stared out upon the lagoon.

There—a scant hundred yards out from where he sat—floated a trim little ship. She was much smaller than the Carib Girl—this boat could not be over thirty-five or forty feet over all. She was ketch rigged. The two sails were down and draped over the booms.

Cliff's lips parted. He was ready to send a call of welcome across the water, but he hesitated. Would this craft contain a samaritan for his predicament, or another of the Captain Tharp tribe? He wondered.

As he watched, a head appeared through the after hatch—a head with hair blazing singularly in the sun—a curly crown of gold. The head was followed by a slight figure clad in duck jacket and trousers. The figure disappeared on the side away from him, behind the canvas-draped booms. He heard the sound of squeaking davits and the rattle of oars.

An instant later a plump little dingey appeared around the bows and headed toward the beach. The girl—it was a young girl, Cliff decided—rowed well with long, driving strokes with the little flip at the end that sent the tiny craft speeding toward him

Cliff arose as the bow of the dingey grated upon the beach. The lone rower removed the oars from the oarlocks and placed them within the boat, then stepped out upon the sand. As he approached Cliff's steps made no sound upon the soft footing. The rower was hauling the dingey up from the water. Cliff said.

"May I lend you a hand?"

The rower's body twisted a little and crouched. A face drawn suddenly with apprehension appeared over a slim shoulder. The eyes were wide, blue...and frightened. There were smudges on the cheeks as if tears had been rubbed across the golden tan of the skin. The small body straightened.

"I beg your pardon...Miss—" Cliff began uncertainly.

She backed away a step. Her eyes lost none of their fright Rather their apprehension deepened. Cliff observed her, a little puzzled.

She was very small. She had lovely hair—a golden aura shot with shadows of deep rose. Her face was piquant and appealing—features upon which fear sat incongruously. She stood—a fragile statue—in an inch or two of water, the insteps of her tiny bare feet shades browner than the white sand. He said gently:

"Please...don't be frightened. May I thank you for leaving the water and food? It was you who left it for me, was it not?"

She seemed not to have heard him. He saw the fright leave her eyes; he saw her lips compress. Slowly her body straightened. Cliff experienced a strange unease as he watched. His voice when he spoke reflected his discomfort.

"I want to thank you— Can I be of any help? I—"

Her lips parted. Her voice was low, yet curiously vibrant.

"Haven't you done enough...?"

A catch in her voice made her pause. Suddenly her eyes blazed. "Can you be of any help?" Her voice was charged with bitterness. "Help, indeed! When he lies there in the cabin!" She made a little gesture with her arm toward the ketch. Her eyes flooded with tears; her voice rose to a higher pitch. "Do you think I'm a child...or a fool? I know you, Bellew!"

Swiftly she bent over the dingey and hauled it out into the water and leaped aboard. Cliff Bellew watched her with stupid incomprehension. She rattled the oars unevenly into the locks. She called to him wildly:

"You did it! There's blood on your clothes! You couldn't wash out the stains!"

The girl strained at the oars. The craft danced away from the beach. Cliff Bellew stared, his mind a mass of bewilderment. He saw the dingey come swiftly beside the larger craft, and the girl leap out and fasten the

(Continued on Page 18)

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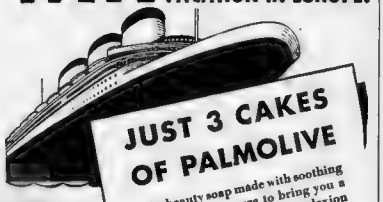

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4. Each letter you submit must be accompanied by the black bands from three cakes of Palmolive Soap or reasonable facsimile upon. Mail to Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co., Dept. N-9, Jersey City, New Jersey.

5. Contest closes June 15, 1935. All entries must be in mail before midnight of that date. Winners will be notified on July 2.

6. The Judges will be...Mr. Emil Rohde, Pres., Nat'l Hairdressers and Cosmetologists Association; Mrs. Winifred Bayard, Pres., American Cosmetic Association; Miss Elizabeth Woodward, Associate Editor of Ladies' Home Journal. Judges' decisions must be accepted as final. In event of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

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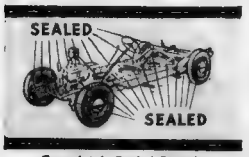

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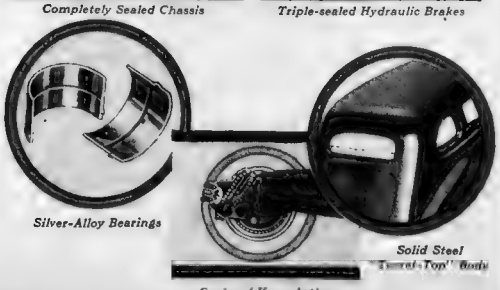

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Silver Streak SIXES AND EIGHTS

Pearls of Chinchorro

by Herbert Jensen

(Continued from Page 16)

"Put down that marlin-spike!" Cliff Cried. "I've come to help you."

CHAPTER II.

"Murderer!"

THE sun was horizon-low when Cliff finished his dinner. The lobster, broiled over coals, had been sweet. Green coconuts from a nearby tree had supplied the beverage—a pleasant change from the brackish water in the surface well Louisa had shown him.

Sitting opposite him—with the fire between—the girl Louisa had talked steadily in her quaint English. Several times Cliff had been forced to smile at her ingenuous phrasing and artless humor. She made no mystery of—or for that matter, took any great credit for—Cliff's rescue from what, as he fully realized, had been an extremely unpleasant situation.

Louisa and a young man by the name of Juanito had been on an expedition in the latter's sailing dugout some miles north of this island on the mainland. Encamped on a beach they had seen the Carib Girl coasting southward within the reef and just a little way out from shore.

They had witnessed what they had thought was a fight aboard the schooner and had seen a man go overboard. The man had begun to swim feebly. In the sudden tropic darkness that shrouded the wake of the schooner they had paddled out to him and had found Cliff.

"I don't remember any of that," said Cliff, frowning.

Louisa shrugged. "Maybe, no. You act like you are crazy or maybe drunk. But I theenk you are hurt. There is blood on your shirt—it have not yet wash off from the sea. But we find no wound——"

"I remember, now," interrupted Cliff. "I hit Joey—that's the mate—on the nose while he was choking me. It bled—— Go on . . ."

"So we take you aboard. You kick like the shark, and maybe upset us all, so Juanito hit you once more —" (she touched her head with her club and you—to keep quiet. I . . . I did! I see the lump, I bet you."

Louisa lifted her chin and laughed gaily. Cliff was suddenly aware of that pink palate behind the even whiteness of her teeth—of the fawn-golden loveliness of her throat as its rounded contour pulsed with mirth. She chuckled.

"Your head still hurt, no? That is a good club Juanito has . . . so, we take you here. Here there is water to drink. The wind blow. Juanito's little boat does not carry three when the wind blow hard. So I stay here with you while that boy he go to Mujeres to get the Doctor Sansome." (She pronounced it San-o-may.)

"Doctor Sansome." Cliff frowned again. "Who is he?"

"That is here boat." She pointed to the white craft in the harbor. "Everybody knows el doctor. He goes everywhere along thees coast. He does not charge the poor ones any money. He is very good . . ."

She launched into the details of Dr. Sansome's kindnesses. Evidently he was an itinerant doctor making a circuit about these forlorn coasts for purposes more humanitarian than profitable.

Two days before, when they had left the island of Mujeres, Doctor Sansome's little ketch had been anchored in the harbor. So, when they had rescued Cliff from the sea, Juanito had gone to fetch the doctor to this little islet so that he might administer to Cliff.

"He have see you? I theenk, when I walk up the beach, I see hees little boat row away from here."

Cliff said, "You saw the boat all right, but the doctor wasn't in it. It was a girl. A young one. Blonde. Who is she?"

"Hm-m," Louisa's voice was considering. "He has a daughter. Her name is Caroline. She been in New York at the school. Perhaps—Wait . . . I will call to the boat and ask . . ."

Cliff caught at her arm as she began to rise.

"No, no," he requested. "Wait. I have a few more questions. Did you see the Carib Girl again? the boat, I mean, that I was——"

She shook her head. "No. It was dark when we came here. Juanito left right away after we put you on the beach. You sleep very quiet all night." The glance she sent him held a faint expression of mock reproof. Cliff turned his eyes away, toward the little craft out from the beach. He mumbled:

"I hope you slept well, Louisa."

"Eh . . . ben. As well as any other night." She drew her knees up to her chin, and clasped them with her arms. "Senor . . . You like me do you not?"

"I—of course, I like you."

"You theenk I am pretty?"

Cliff uttered a little cough. He cleared his throat. "Pretty? . . . yes. Of course, you're pretty. Very. Now if you don't mind, I'd like to thank you for all you and Juanito did for me last night. I don't know what I'd have done if you two hadn't— By the way, is this Juanito . . . your sweetheart?"

"Heem?" Her voice was scornful. "No. He like me. That is

(Continued on Page 20)

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Gets CORE of CORN or DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK!

Corn pain is in the core and Kohlers One Night Corn Kit gets the core. Not just a corn pad—but a complete scientific treatment. Only 35c and if it doesn't get the corn—double your money back. If your druggist doesn't have Kohlers One Night Corn Kit, write Kohler Mfg. Co. Baltimore, Maryland

KOHLER ONE NIGHT CORN KIT

NOT JUST A PLASTER A COMPLETE CORN TREATMENT

Also Maker of Kahlar-Aritdats for the Relief of Headaches

Change to Ethyl . . . when you change to a straw hat . . . your car will run cooler and better this summer

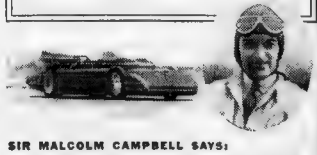
"I SEE you've changed to summer clothes," says the service man, "but what about your car? It needs 'summer clothes,' too, to protect its engine against knock and overheating—the evils of hot weather driving. Particularly when you're driving one of the new smaller cars with their higher compression engines. You'll keep cooler if you keep your car cooler with Ethyl!"

3 FACTS *you should know about gasoline*

1. Pumps marked Ethyl contain the *coolest* fuel for summer use. That's because, by the action of Ethyl fluid, more of the potential energy of each gallon is transformed into engine power and less sent as waste heat into the cooling system, already battling high outside temperatures.

2. Ethyl fluid is needed to develop full performance by modern high compression cars every season of the year. It makes older cars, too, run better as carbon and mileage accumulate. That is why approximately 95% of all premium gasoline sold in the United States and Canada now contains Ethyl fluid.

3. Sufficient Ethyl fluid (containing tetraethyl lead) is used to produce the highest anti-knock rating by the official test methods of the oil and automotive industries. The all-round quality of premium fuel so treated is protected by *double* inspection at the refinery and at the pump.



SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL SAYS:

"My engine ran perfectly when a new world's record of 276.816 miles per hour was set up at Daytona Beach on March 7 last. I consider that the Ethyl fluid employed in the fuel was largely responsible for the smooth running of the motor."

Sweet, smooth—and COOL! To get all the power and pleasure from your car investment—

NEXT TIME GET ETHYL!

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$1.50 Wm. A. Rogers AA Silverware Server for only 25¢

FOR DESSERTS, FRUITS AND SALADS

WITH OUTSIDE WRAPPER FROM 3-LB. CAN OF CRISCO

What a bargain! Look at this stunning server—regular $1.50 value in jewelry stores! It's *yours* for only 25¢ if you mail in the outside wrapper from a 3-lb. can of pure digestible Crisco. Practically a gift—through this exclusive Crisco offer, you get this rich piece of Wm. A. Rogers AA silverplate at only one-sixth of its $1.50 value.

ACT QUICKLY . . . Make it yours! You'll be proud to use this server at your table—to serve shortcake, berries, sliced fruits, ice-cream, also countless desserts! Or, make somebody else happy by giving this handsome server as a present or bridge prize. Everybody loves a big bargain like this one, especially when it comes *with* a bargain like the thrifty 3-lb. can of Crisco.

Now everybody can afford Crisco for everything

You see, Crisco itself is the best real value today for all cooking and shortening purposes. You'll know what we mean when you price other shortenings and Crisco. Now everybody can afford Crisco! And everybody who wants to save pennies will notice that the 3-lb. Crisco can cuts down the cost per pound!

Luscious cakes cost less!

"I just started making Crisco cakes!" says a new Crisco fan. "No more hard-to-cream shortenings for me! Crisco is so creamy that I can easily combine Crisco with sugar and eggs, all three at one time! My cakes make a big hit with the family—and they *cost less*. Crisco is right-priced for me."

You can afford digestible food

Thousands of women have changed to pure digestible Crisco this year. They certainly deserve the thanks of their families! It's great to eat fried potatoes and doughnuts that aren't grease-soaked and soggy. You'll feel just fine after you've enjoyed crisp, Crisco-fried foods! And it's the same story with Crisco pies. They're light and flaky—just *looking* at them and *tasting* them tells you that they're good to eat—and *good for you*

Many doctors say "Cook with Crisco"

Doctors know heavy greasy food is hard on the digestive organs. To help out, they often advise cooking with Crisco—the light creamy shortening. Do you realize why Crisco is so different? It's made entirely from pure *vegetable oils* that have been creamed and creamed. No wonder so many women now say, "I use Crisco for all my cooking *because it's pure digestible shortening.*"

My Favorite Supper Menu
WINIFRED S CARTER

Tomato Juice
Add a squeeze of lemon juice, a dash of salt and horseradish and you have a professional cocktail! Chill thoroughly

Ham Roll-ups with asparagus
Divide contents of a can of asparagus or a bunch of cooked fresh asparagus into 6 piles. Roll each pile up in a slice of cold boiled ham. Place rolls in a "Criscoed" shallow pan. Pour over each Ham Roll, medium thick cheese sauce or plain white sauce. Sprinkle paprika on top. Broil until hot, and sauce on top is lightly browned

Strawberry Shortcake
Follow my recipe for Crisco shortcake (below) and you'll serve simply delicious shortcake

Coffee
Hot or iced, according to the weather, coffee always makes a perfect ending

SATISFACTION GUARANTEE
by the makers of Wm. A. Rogers AA Silverware

The Berkeley Dessert Server offered here is a regular $1.50 value—made of rich durable silverplate. If, in your judgment, this Dessert Server is not satisfactory, return it to the undersigned for a replacement or a refund of 25¢.

ONEIDA LTD.
(formerly Oneida Community Ltd.)
SHERRILL, N. Y.

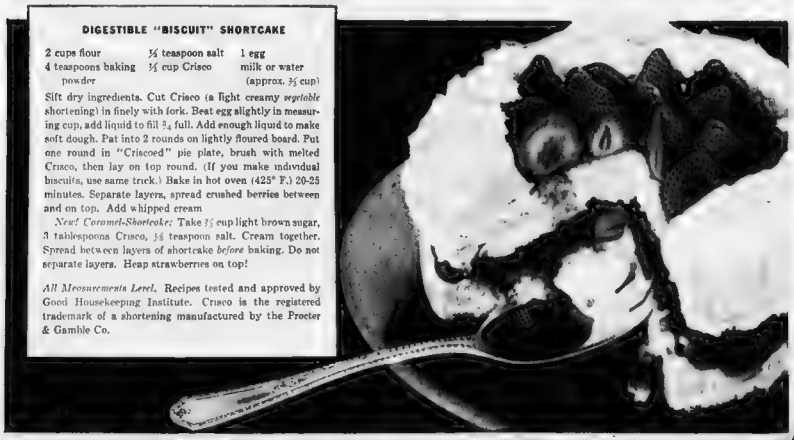
DIGESTIBLE "BISCUIT" SHORTCAKE

2 cups flour	½ teaspoon salt	1 egg
4 teaspoons baking powder	¼ cup Crisco	milk or water (approx. ⅔ cup)

Sift dry ingredients. Cut Crisco (a light creamy *vegetable* shortening) in finely with fork. Beat egg slightly in measuring cup, add liquid to fill ¾ full. Add enough liquid to make soft dough. Pat into 2 rounds on lightly floured board. Put one round in "Criscoed" pie plate, brush with melted Crisco, then lay on top round. (If you make individual biscuits, use same trick.) Bake in hot oven (425° F.) 20-25 minutes. Separate layers, spread crushed berries between and on top. Add whipped cream

New! Caramel-Shortcake: Take ⅔ cup light brown sugar, 3 tablespoons Crisco, ½ teaspoon salt. Cream together. Spread between layers of shortcake *before* baking. Do not separate layers. Heap strawberries on top!

All Measurements Level. Recipes tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Crisco is the registered trademark of a shortening manufactured by the Procter & Gamble Co.



The actual length of this beautiful Dessert Server is 9 inches.

Use for serving ice-cream, berries, sliced fruits, custards, gelatine desserts.

Richly gleaming—durable—the lovely Wm. A. Rogers AA Silverware.

The Berkeley pattern is so dainty, yet rich, that it can be used with any pattern.

Have you compared the price of Crisco and other shortenings lately? Now everybody can afford CRISCO for everything!

This coupon brings you this 9-inch Dessert Server for only 25¢ with outside wrapper from a 3-lb. Crisco can.

WINIFRED S. CARTER, Dept. AW-5, Box 837, Cincinnati, Ohio

Enclosed find an outside wrapper from a 3 lb. can of Crisco and 25¢ *in coin*, for which send advertised dessert server in the Berkeley pattern (Wm. A. Rogers AA Silverware—made by Oneida Ltd.).

(PLEASE PRINT YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS)

NAME _____

STREET OR R. F. D _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

(THIS OFFER EXPIRES SEPT. 15, 1935)

Mercolized Wax

Keeps Skin Young

Mercolized Wax absorbs the discolored skin in tiny, invisible particles, giving the beautiful, soft, young skin that is underneath. It is the one beauty aid you can afford because the single ounce jar embodies all the essentials of beauty that your skin needs. Mercolized Wax has been making complexions radiant for nearly twenty-five years. Begin any morning or evening soon and discover the hidden beauty of your skin.

Phelactine removes hairy growths—takes them out—easily, quickly and gently. Leaves the skin hair free instantly, as the modern, odorless facial depilatory that fastidious women prefer.

Powdered Saxolite

is a refreshing stimulating astringent lotion delightfully non-ball; it never burns. It reduces wrinkles and other age lines. When used daily, Saxolite refines coarse pores and makes them smaller. Use it full strength, warm, with a soft cloth.

MAKE MONEY! STRING TENNIS RACKETS

Write for our [illegible] offer. We send complete [illegible] to string [illegible] racket [illegible] 10¢ [illegible] SAVE MONEY ON YOUR RACKET EARN MONEY STRINGING FOR OTHERS. Sent postpaid for only $.10.

ACE TENNIS STRING CO.
Box 15 Y, Brighton, Mass.

ITCHING

Don't endure this torment another day. Apply Resinol to the itching skin anywhere on your body, and prove how quickly it gives relief. In daily use nearly 40 years.

Resinol

THIS, as other issues of THE AMERICAN WEEKLY, is read by one out of every five families in the United States.

Pearls of Chinchorro

by Herbert Jensen

(Continued from Page 18)

all. Sweetheart? No. He is too young, senor."

She continued dreamily, her gaze fastened upon Cliff's face. "You talk very nice. You do not theenk I am old? I am sixteen. It is said that in New York that is not old. I am strong. I can cook good. I have my own and I live with my mother. Do you theenk——"

"Louisa!" Cliff's voice was half irritated, half amused. He noticed that her lips were parted in a half smile, there was a dancing light in her eyes.

"Confound you," grumbled Cliff. "I'm afraid you're making fun of me."

The twinkling merriment in her eyes deepened. "I theenk," she murmured, "you would be more afraid if you thought I was not making fun."

"Eh?" For an instant he was nonplused, then he grinned. "I think you're a nice girl, Louisa."

He faced the lagoon. The sun behind him illumined the sand under the water. Not a fish or a marine plant marred the bottom as far out as the ketch. He turned to Louisa and said seriously:

"The doctor didn't come a-shore. But a girl did. She—By the way, do you know this doctor and his daughter, Caroline?"

"Sure. Sometime I cook for them, and Juanito he help sail the boat. I theenk I call to them."

Cliff nodded. "Do," he affirmed.

She sent her call across the water, waited a moment then called again.

The call rang out but did not appear, nor did her father, the doctor.

Louisa said in a puzzled tone, "That is funny. I don't theenk they asleep at this time."

Again she called. There was no answer.

Cliff muttered, "I think there's something wrong out there. That girl was frightened. And she accused me——"

Abruptly he made a decision. He stripped his shirt and undershirt from his body. He kicked off his shoes. Louisa asked, her eyes serious:

"What are you going to do, senor?"

"I'm going to swim out there," replied Cliff grimly. He was rolling up the bottoms of his trousers. With a quick movement the girl stood between him and the water. Her eyes were filled with concern.

"No, no, senor! It is dangerous. There are sharks."

Cliff placed his hand about her elbows and lifted her lightly to one side. He said:

"I'm serious. That girl came ashore then rowed away from me, frightened. I think she meant that something had happened to her father. At any rate——"

Cliff paused. Her eyes had widened. She made a little unconscious gesture with the back of her hand against her mouth. He laughed shortly.

"Don't look so startled, Louisa. Perhaps it is not too serious. Perhaps the girl was excited. You see now why I must go out there. She hasn't answered your call. Come, come——"

He gave her shoulders a friendly little shake. "Smile again. You're much prettier that way." Her lips parted with a reluctant shyness. "That's better. It won't be long. In fact, you'll still be the same older, middle-aged sixteen when I get back, and not a minute older. Now cook us good I'm a better swimmer than any shark you'll find in that lagoon. So long. See you later."

He smiled broadly as he waded into the shallows. His putter, Cliff thought, had at least the effect he had hoped. She was laughing with him.

She called something. The splashing of the water about his waist had her words. Cliff paused.

"What is it?" he asked.

"I say you look ver' strong for an old man?" And made a face at him.

Cliff chuckled as he swam toward the boat. His strokes were powerful and effortless. His joking exaggeration to Louisa that he was a better swimmer than a shark had some basis in fact.

He did not attempt to swim quietly; his conscience was clear as the water he surged through. But he knew he must talk to that girl aboard the ketch and insist that he help her if he could. Louisa had said the girl's name was Caroline. Oddly he thought that the name was appropriate somehow to her rose-gold hair and slimness.

Approaching the stern, he called out her name. There was no answer. He paddled around the craft estimating that the sheer side would make it difficult for him to haul himself up to the deck without aid from someone aboard. He called again and with the same result.

He wondered why he got no answer. His mouth tightened. Swimming to the bows, he gripped the bobstay as high as he could reach and hoisted himself until he was able to grip the bowsprit. With that accomplished, his ascent to the deck was easy.

The dingey had been hauled upward upon its davits. It was canted slightly and Cliff saw that a hole had been punched in its bottom and some old rags stuffed therein. That was why the girl Caroline, doubtlessly, had rowed ashore to this barren islet—to repair the dingey.

He moved aft. The cockpit was empty. He swung himself over the combing. His bare feet made a soft thud on the planking. He peered down the hatchway. His glance immediately took in the figure of a man lying upon a divan against the starboard wall.

There was a drop-leaf table with one panel extended, and upon it were bandages, surgeon's tape and scissors, together with several bottles. An odor of antiseptic was in the air. Whereupon he saw the kneeling figure of the girl Caroline, half hidden by the table.

Cliff peered intently; the obscurity of the cabin's interior was aggravated by the darkening world without. He called softly, but insistently:

"Miss Caroline! What has happened? Caroline...!"

Cliff heard a little choked cry; the figure of the girl flashed into movement. Her white clothing was like a blur in the darkness.

"You!..." The girl's voice was vibrant with a note of hysteria. "You come here?" There was a pause.

"Haven't you done enough? He...died an hour ago! He's dead! My father's dead!" Her voice rose; tight sobs wrenched her throat. "You killed him!"

Her white face was beneath him. He had one foot on the companionway ladder; the other was still on deck. He saw her snatch from the table an object that glinted metallically. She drew back her arm.

His voice was slightly hoarse: "What are you saying! Put down that marlin-spike!" Cliff cried. "I've come to help you. You can't mean——"

"Murderer!" she gritted through tight teeth.

He made a gesture of denial. She misunderstood the import of the abrupt swing of his arm. He heard the girl's frightened cry—saw her fling forward her arm. The steel-shod butt of the marlin-spike caught him between the eyes. A spasm of pain flamed in his brain. He pitched forward into darkness....

When Cliff opened his eyes he lay for a few moments staring with quiet puzzlement at a varnished side cabin. A round patch of sunlight slid across a low roof above him. He heard a voice humming in low feminine cadence, and a rattle of chain that came from somewhere off in the distance.

He propped himself upward by his elbows and groaned slightly as the blood throbbed in his head. His head felt tight—compressed. He touched his temple and found that it was bandaged.

A shadow darkened the cabin. The humming stopped, and he heard the padding of bare feet behind him.

"Meester Cleef!" It was the voice of Louisa. He saw her anxious face bending over him. "How you feel? Not good, eh? You hongry——"

Cliff straightened himself a little. The pain at the side of his head caused him to mutter softly under his breath. The dark face of the girl Louisa receded; the corners of her eyes crinkled at him. She gave him a small smile.

"Ha, you swear, eh? Thas is good. Now you feel all right pretty soon. But you don't feel so strong, eh?" She pursed her lips and regarded him.

Cliff suddenly felt himself getting angry. He grumbled. "Of course I don't feel strong. Your friend Caroline threw a marlin-spike at me. Am I hurt bad?"

"You are lucky," said the girl sweetly. "No not so bad. You knock your head when you fall. I came out behind you. I don't swim so well like you do, so I am in time just to put the bandage on your head."

Cliff grinned wryly. "Good girl, Louisa. Thanks a lot. The way of a maid with a man. Thas either pet 'em or poke 'em. She meant business. Confound it, she didn't give me a chance to talk to her...to explain——"

"Explain?" A voice spoke from the companionway.

Both Cliff and Louisa faced aft. The girl Caroline stood halfway down the companionway ladder. Her hair was a golden aura against the light.

Even with the sun behind her Cliff noticed that her features were set; her eyes were tragic; her lips were drawn with a pain that seemed somehow more emotional than physical. She wore a cartridge belt and a holstered pistol. Her hand rested upon the butt of the gun.

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

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JANE LEARNS WHY WOMEN ARE QUITTING THE RAZOR

JACK—JANE IS LOVELY—BRIGHT—BUT THAT MAN-LIKE STUBBLE ON HER ARMS. SOMEONE SHOULD TELL HER!
I'D BE WILD ABOUT HER—BUT I CAN'T BEAR ANY TRACE OF HAIR ON A GIRL'S ARM!
HEAVENS! JACK MORGAN! —AND IT'S ABOUT ME—
1
THAT WONDERFUL JACK MORGAN HATES ME—SAID I HAD BRISTLY ARMS.
LISTEN JANE, DON'T USE A RAZOR—THAT MAKES STUBBLE—USE NEET—IT SIMPLY BANISHES UNWANTED HAIR!
2
JANE DEAR—YOUR'E SO DAINTY-FEMININE—YOUR ARM IS SMOOTH AS... ROSE PETALS
TO HER SELF
THANKS JACK—VERY NEAT—
THANKS TO NEET—
3

NOW! Actually Get Rid of *Arm and Leg Hair*

No Masculine Stubble... No Stiff Re-Growth

Now one can actually *get rid* of arm and leg hair. Can, once and for all, banish the coarsened re-growth, the bristly stubble that follow the razor.

This is due to a new scientific discovery by one of the leading cosmetic laboratories of the world. A way that solves the arm and leg hair problem as women have always hoped it would be solved.

What It Is

It is an exquisite toilet accessory, resembling a superior beauty cream in texture. You simply spread it on where hair is to be removed. Then rinse off with water.

That is all. Every vestige of hair is gone—gone so completely that, even by running your hand across the skin, you cannot feel the slightest trace of stubble. For this amazing creation *definitely ends after-razor "stubble."*

When re-growth finally comes, it is utterly unlike the re-growth following the razor and old ways. You can feel the difference. No sharp stubble. No coarsened growth.

The skin, too, is left soft as a child's. No skin roughness, no enlarged pores. You feel freer than probably ever before in your life of annoying hair growth.

Where to Obtain

It is called NEET—and is on sale at all drug and department stores and beauty parlors. Costs only a few cents.

INTENSELY interesting articles on popular science appear regularly in this and other issues of THE AMERICAN WEEKLY. Don't miss them if you want to be well-informed of scientific progress.

Rely on your BRAKES ...instead of your horn

Thermoid
BRAKE LININGS

Thermoid Brake Linings are Road Conditioned to Give Quick, Quiet, Even Stops

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DON'T NURSE A CORN

Remove it—and pain this safe, sure way

Don't suffer burning corns a minute longer. Apply Blue-Jay corn plasters at once. Instantly pain stops. You walk, work, dance in comfort. In 3 days corn lifts right out. Special Wet-Pruf adhesive strip allows bathing, does not cling to stocking. Blue-Jays are made by Bauer & Black, noted surgical dressing house. 25¢—*all druggists.* © The Kendall Company

BLUE-JAY
BAUER & BLACK SCIENTIFIC
CORN PLASTER

FREE BOOKLET—"For Better Feet"—contains helpful information for foot sufferers. Also valuable foot exercises. Address Bauer & Black, 2500 South Dearborn St., Chicago. (*Pasting this coupon on a penny postcard will save postage.*) AWS 1-19

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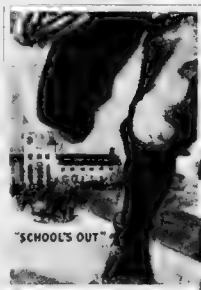
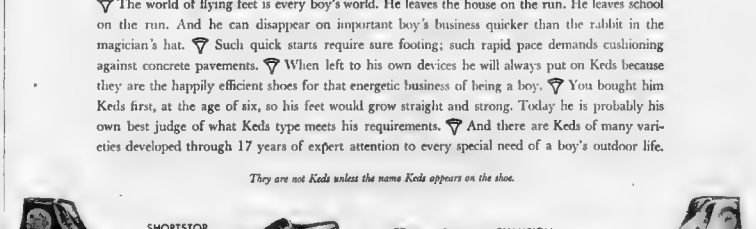


THE WORLD OF *flying* FEET

▽ The world of flying feet is every boy's world. He leaves the house on the run. He leaves school on the run. And he can disappear on important boy's business quicker than the rabbit in the magician's hat. ▽ Such quick starts require sure footing; such rapid pace demands cushioning against concrete pavements. ▽ When left to his own devices he will always put on Keds because they are the happily efficient shoes for that energetic business of being a boy. ▽ You bought him Keds first, at the age of six, so his feet would grow straight and strong. Today he is probably his own best judge of what Keds type meets his requirements. ▽ And there are Keds of many varieties developed through 17 years of expert attention to every special need of a boy's outdoor life.

They are not Keds unless the name Keds appears on the shoe.



United States Rubber Company
the shoe of Champions

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Shopping Bridegrooms . . . show good sense

They buy wedding rings from dependable stores — consider quality and value — a good idea in choosing an ELECTRIC REFRIGERATOR

An electric refrigerator is a lifetime investment and you are wise to choose carefully because so much depends upon your choice.

No matter how much you want to invest, you can buy a Kelvinator and be sure you are getting the greatest value for your dollar.

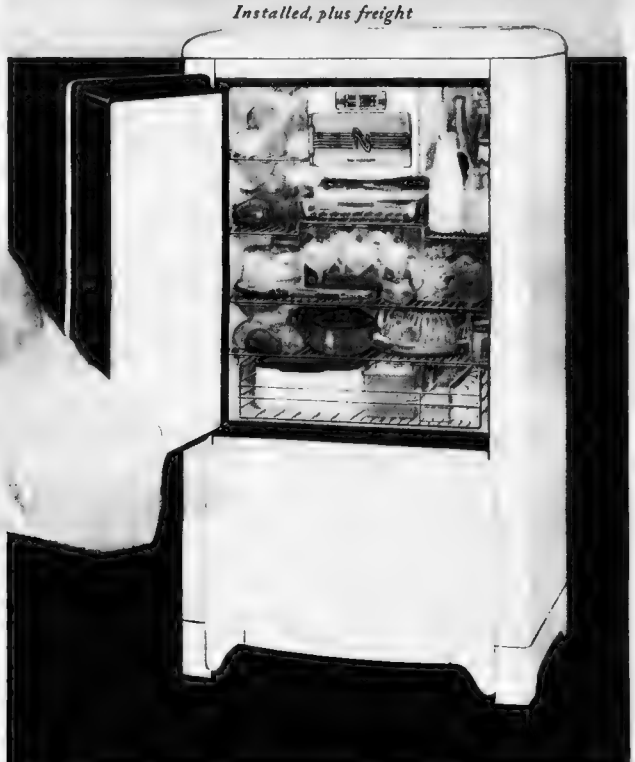
You have your choice of 19 beautiful new models. And regardless of the model you select, you get Kelvinator quality, craftsmanship and performance. The models differ in size and in number of features but all have that built-in quality and dependability which have caused Kelvinator to be generally regarded as the finest in electric refrigeration.

See the new Kelvinators before you buy. Ask about the Kelvinator Food File with the vegetable crisper, the dairy section and thrift trays. See the refrigerated pastry set; the water pitcher; the Five-Purpose Control Panel; the beautiful porcelain interior and many other features which make a Kelvinator such a sound, profitable, satisfactory investment.

Any of the dependable dealers listed below will gladly show you the different models. Any model may be purchased on the easy payment ReDisCo Monthly Budget Plan.

19 models $77.50 to $779.50

Installed, plus freight



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Metropolitan Refrig. Co.
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C. E. Osgood Co.
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CAMBRIDGE
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CANTON, R. L. Snell

CHARLESTOWN, Boston Consolidated Gas Co.

CHELSEA
Perry Electric Co.
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Cool Foods Equipment Co.
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Allen Furniture Co.
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Graves Electric Co.

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Peoples Furniture Co.

FOXBORO, Fuller Bros.

FRAMINGHAM CENTRE, J. S. Kinsman

FRANKLIN, Franklin Burner & Appliances

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HYDE PARK, Clark Appliance Co.

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M. L. Alpert Co., Inc.
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MALDEN, Malden Center Garage

MILTON, Milton Radio Appl. Co.

NEEDHAM, Moffett Electric Co.

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NEWTONVILLE
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Blue Hill Spring Water Co.
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WAKEFIELD, J. Longo & Son

WALPOLE, Howard D. Baker

WALTHAM
Middlesex County Farm Bureau
Parks Snow Company

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H. S. Gray
Armen Vehe
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GREENFIELD, Wilson's Dept. Store

HAVERHILL, Estate of J. O. Ellison

HOLYOKE, Haskell Elec. Company

HUDSON, R. J. Curley

HYANNIS
Electric Equipment Company
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LAWRENCE, Philip D. Dalrymple

LEOMINSTER, Cragin & Wilkins

LOWELL, Lowell Elec. Light Corp.

LYNN, Titus & Buckley Co.

MANSFIELD, C. E. O'Malley

MARBLEHEAD
Inguis Motor Car Co.

MARLBORO
Arthur C. Lamson
Marlboro Elec. Light Co.

MAYNARD, Cooper Radio & Elec. Co.

MILLBURY, H. L. Parada

MILFORD, W. L. & J. F. Power, Inc.

NATICK, The Radio Exchange

NEW BEDFORD, Standard Elec. Co.

NEWBURYPORT
Community Gas Co.

NO. ABINGTON, Elec. Lt. & Pr. Co.

NORTHBORO
Adams Hardware Co.
Northboro Hardware Co.

PEABODY, Sousa Oil Company

PLYMOUTH
Castle Street Garage
Plymouth Electric Light Co.

POCASSET, Odin H. Lamb

READING, Municipal Light Dept.

SHREWSBURY, Newton Elec. Co.

SOUTHBRIDGE
Webster & Southbridge Gas & Elec. Company
G. C. Winter Co.

SPRINGFIELD, Collins Elec. Co.

TAUNTON
Gadsden, Astine & Wells
C. F. Whitmarsh Co., Inc.

WALPOLE, Howard D. Baker

WARE, Lenhon Motor Company

WARENAM
Washburn Electrical Co.

WEBSTER
O. M. Kindler
Webster & Southbridge Gas & Electric Co.

WESTBORO, The Radio Shop

WEST BROOKFIELD
Quaboag Roofing Co.

WEYMOUTH
Weymouth Lt. & Pr. Co.

WHITINSVILLE
Goff & Menzow, Inc.

WINCHENDON
Winchendon Elec. Lt. & Power Co.

WINCHESTER, A. W. Twombley

WINTHROP, Henry E. Keough

WORCESTER
John C. Macinnes Co.
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WILLIMANTIC, Rosen Bros. Dept. Store, 646 Main St.

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PORTLAND, Cumberland County Power & Light Company

NEW HAMPSHIRE

EXETER, Hilliard & Kimball

MANCHESTER
Public Serv. Co. of New Hampshire

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American Furniture Co.
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BARRE, B. W. Hooker & Co.

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The G. S. Blodgett Co., Inc.

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Green Mt. Power Corp.

NEWPORT, Newport Elec. Light Co.

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The Glorious Gamble

by Madeleine Sharps Buchanan

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

LONGING to see a side of life she knows nothing about and perhaps capture a bit of adventure, Barrie Rowann [illegible] New Year's dance [illegible] Meadowland Country Club to the Cherry Dragon [illegible] night club in Chinatown. [illegible]

CHAPTER IX.

Success for Sascha.

LOUNGING—poised and fastidious — into the Meadowland Club, Paul Wellington found the New Year's Day festivities at their height.

The older Wellington was tall and well put together although he had a certain lankiness like his wife. Good-looking clothes made this attractive and his easy manners and pleasant face formed a whole that was decidedly pleasing. It would not be possible for this man ever to be anything but a gentleman.

Yet he never forgot the shock he received when starting down the stairs to the billiard room that day he came face to face with his brother and Sascha Reynolds!

"Hello, Archie," he said casually enough. "Happy New Year, Miss Reynolds. What do you think of our club?"

Sascha, looking up at him through her golden lashes, felt a delicious little thrill. Boy, was he an actor though? But the great thing had happened. He had seen her in new surroundings and he had seen her placed in an embarrassing position by his own brother.

"I am terribly afraid Mr. Wellington will get into trouble for bringing me," she dimpled. "But it is fun now and then to look over the fence."

Paul Wellington looked down into the charming little face and felt a vast anger against this ass of an Archie. He should answer to him for subjecting her to this!

"Nonsense!" he said brightly. "We're just a stiff-necked, narrow-minded lot, that's all. Harmless."

As he spoke Lila Wellington, chatting with Barrie Rowann, ascended the stairs, and his heart sank.

"Run along, Archie," he bade that wretched young man, but Archie had no chance to run.

Lila's slow far-reaching voice put out its tentacles and wrapped itself about them. At least, this is the way Archie felt. If he had only grabbed this little blonde devil and run! He was in for it now. No kidding.

"Archie," Lila was saying, "go home and change. Aron Landon has disappointed me. I need you to take his place. I've simply got to get another man."

"I can't," said Archie, his hand under Sascha's arm. "I'm dated up. I've got to rush on now."

"But you are not needed at the office now," went on the smooth voice. "Nor is Miss Reynolds. She will excuse you if I persuade her that I need you."

So this cat in the green rag which made her look lankier than ever had known her! Had remembered her. At some moment Sascha's roseleaf face had registered in the memory of her employer's wife.

"If you have a date, Miss Reynolds, you had better hurry on," said Barrie's pleasant voice then. "Because my brother-in-law, Pendleton Ross, you know, is probably searching for you madly. I know him. Take her home, Archie, or there will be far more men missing than Aron Landon, who is about the hardest man to miss I ever knew!"

For a moment the eyes of both girls met in a glance as warm as a handclasp and Sascha wondered why Barrie had thrown about her at once the cloak of this Ross man's attentions to her. There must be a reason.

Turning quickly to Archie, she laid a timid hand on his arm.

"Yes, do take me home!" she entreated. "I told you I should not come and that my presence would embarrass you. You can put me in a taxi at the door and come back to Mrs. Wellington."

Suddenly Paul Wellington was hotly angry. He would take it out of his wife and his brother for this!

"Stick around, Archie," he told young Wellington curtly. "I'll put Miss Reynolds in the taxi. Since she is here, she should look about a bit."

And to the breathless delight of Sascha, Paul Wellington took her arm and marched her with great determination away from the group toward the corridor above!

"Please put me in a taxi right away," she urged as though on the edge of tears. "I knew I should not have come. Your brother insisted. I'm afraid I longed to see the club. Don't be angry with him. It was just vulgar curiosity on my part."

"Well, why the deuce you can't walk through this blame place and look at it is more than I can see," snapped Wellington. "A bunch of rich old snobs built it in the year one. Forget it. I want you to see the new swimming pool. It was modeled after something or other in an Italian palace. You may as well see the whole works now you are here. Then go home and forget it. There is no happiness here and no peace. No financial security and no loyalty and but little honor. Realize this while you look at the tapestries and the Orientals and the paintings and the statues. Money, yes, but little else."

Sascha looked at him in amazement and for the first time she saw that he was unhappy. She had known he could not be content with that woman, his wife! Unguessed tenderness wakened within her. Faint—very faint.

"I'll remember," said Sascha softly.

"That's it, remember this," said Wellington grimly. "Don't go home and long for what these women and girls have. They have too darn much in one direction or another. And it is made up for with a dreadful lack in another. You're pretty well balanced, Sascha. Not much money but about everything else."

He had called her Sascha. Never before had he done so. The golden lashes fluttered over the burning excitement in her eyes.

"Here," ran on Wellington, "take a look at this pool. Archie show you this?"

"N—no," stammered Sascha looking upon a thing she could not have imagined in her wildest dreams, water like a bath of molten jewels, rimmed in by tiles of azure, sapphire, electric blue, aquamarine!

And Paul Wellington looked at her for the first time, this bit of loveliness who was so much a part of his business routine. A kind of hushed hunger about her, a virgin grace which he had never noted before, became immediately apparent. Surrounding Sascha there was an amorous stimuli which Paul Wellington could not miss. Archie had called it "poison."

"Oh, it is beautiful!" she sighed. "But take me out. I could not bear to cause you any more embarrassment."

"You have caused me none," said Wellington, his fury with that ass Archie redoubling.

"I hope you will not be too hard on your brother," said Sascha wistfully. "He meant to give me a good time. I asked him this morning to drive me out to see a sick girl whom a friend and myself are keeping on a farm. She was worse this morning and I had no way of reaching her. I really got him into this."

"Well, have you seen it now?" grinned Wellington in a friendly fashion he had never shown her before.

"I—why, yes."

"Then go home and forget it. Be thankful you are not a member of this club, being run after by another man, if you are happily married, running after another man if you are not. Be thankful you live in your little flat, wherever it is."

"I know," said Sascha solemnly, "but every girl wishes to advance, Mr. Wellington. I long to get out of my home environment. You don't know what it is."

"Perhaps not," said Wellington soberly as they walked toward the front entrance while Sascha's pulse beat wildly.

He was certainly a gentleman. Her thoughts skittered away in disgust from Mr. Hunks Jenks and a list of others more or less like him. Many eyes observed them but his pulse did not quicken. Bareheaded and without his overcoat although the liveried man at the door hastened to offer it, he took Sascha outside and stood with her until the summoned taxi drew up, paid the driver, gave her address, nodded at her and smiled and stood on the broad step until she vanished down the winding driveway.

And Sascha, breathless, flushed, leaned back in her corner, her eyes like live jewels, her gloved hands doubled into fists on her knees.

CHAPTER X.

"I've Fallen in Love!"

IT was purely by chance the following day that Barrie Rowann, unable to conquer the desire, went searching for Michael Brand on the Black Star bus on which Sascha Reynolds' brother was mahout. She told herself that if she once saw him in this dreadful environment, in broad daylight, as he really was, she would be cured of this ridiculous yearning.

Snuggled in her furs, Barrie

(Continued on Page 23)

INSTANTLY RELIEVES

CORNS

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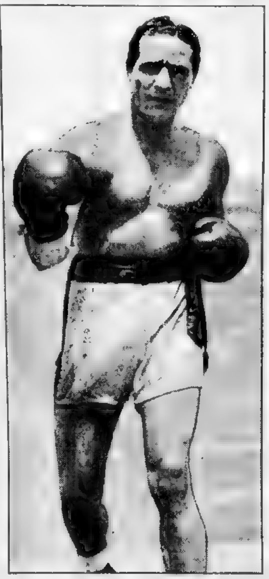

Sensational Gillette Contest Open to Everyone

Cash Equivalent of Two Top-price Ringside Seats and Round-trip Railroad Fare Paid Winners Who Cannot Attend Fight

HERE is the chance of a lifetime for people from all over the country to visit New York — a remarkable opportunity to see the world's most famous city and the world's most talked about heavyweight championship prize fight at the same time — absolutely free.

No sporting event since the memorable Baer-Carnera bout has caused such nation-wide interest and is so apt to be packed with thrills as this battle between Max Baer, world's championship heavyweight boxer and the Irish contender for the championship, Jimmy Braddock.

All you have to do for a chance to win two top-price ringside seats and round trip railroad fare or cash equivalent is to enter the sensational Gillette contest. It is open to everyone. The rules are simple. Just write a letter of fifty words or less as explained below.

Every week, starting May 6th, winners of the previous week will be announced, coast-to-coast, over WEAF and associated NBC stations, on a spectacular radio program starring Max Baer in a gripping mystery thriller, "Lucky Smith."

This program will be broadcast direct from Baer's training quarters and, in addition to the featured program, you will hear hot tips and intimate highlights from the training camp.

On June 13th, the Gillette Safety Razor Company — exclusively — will broadcast a blow-by-blow description of the fight direct from the ringside, Madison Square Garden Bowl, New York, coast-to-coast NBC red and blue networks.

Enter the contest immediately. Act now. Don't delay. Here are the rules.

CONTEST RULES

1. Write a letter of 50 words or less telling in plain, simple language why men should shave with Gillette "Blue Blades."
2. Each letter must be accompanied by an empty Gillette "Blue Blade" package.
3. To qualify you must mention the name and address of the dealer from whom you purchased the blades.
4. Writers of the best letters receive a pair of choice top-price ringside seats to the fight and railroad fare to and from New York. Fifteen pairs of tickets and round trip transportation will be awarded *every week* from May 6 to June 3, inclusive, to the writers of the best letters received up to midnight Saturday, of the week preceding each Monday broadcast. For example — winners to be announced May 6 must have their letters in our hands by midnight Saturday, May 4.
5. The cash equivalent of two top-price ringside seats, plus the cost of two round trip railroad fares will be paid to winners who cannot attend the fight.
6. Judges' decisions are final and all letters entered become the property of the Gillette Safety Razor Company. In case of a tie duplicate prizes will be awarded. Everyone is eligible to enter except employees of the Gillette Safety Razor Company and their families, or employees of Gillette's advertising agency and their families.
7. Write as many letters as you wish, provided each is accompanied by an empty Gillette "Blue Blade" package.
8. You may write your letter about Probak blades (another Gillette product) if you wish, enclosing a Probak package. All other rules apply.
9. Winners will be announced every Monday night on Gillette's Max Baer broadcast over NBC coast-to-coast red network.
10. Hurry! Mail your entry now. Address Dept. A, Box 20, Gillette Safety Razor Company, Boston, Massachusetts.

Hear Max Baer in thrilling mystery drama every Monday night, over WEAF and associated NBC stations. See your local paper for time.

Gillette BLUE BLADES

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The Glorious Gamble

by Madeleine Sharps Buchanan

(Continued from Page 22)

peered from the window with strained eyes, loathing herself and yet consumed with a feverish eagerness.

Melting snow in places, hopelessly soiled ermine where it had not all been swept away or melted; slush in other places. People, so many of them, a different kind of people from those who hastened over the pavements Barrie was familiar with. Slinking figures, too thinly clothed, hands deep in pockets, chins sunk in collars; homeless figures beating shivering arms across scrawny chests in alleyways; figures hastening through the slush in paper-soled shoes; women, thin, cold, dragging baskets, children, packages.

Young China in American clothes. Old China in its own clothes, padded slippers in the wet—alien, rather grotesque. A number of tourists weaving in and out of shops. Loafers. Old age, homeless, spent, ended. Youth, hopeful, brazen, unafraid, painted.

Barrie, nose deep in the bunch of violets pinned to her sable, looked out with her bright straining eyes.

The menace had lifted from the place now and strange sounds assailed her ears. The squeal of the peanut whistle, a radio blaring raucously, the clash of cymbals from a Chinese cafe, a medley of noises. Strange tongues shrilly blended. Tinny music from a tea shop.

Barrie shrank away as the bus crawled through a lane of push carts, of milling people, the like of which she had never seen so close at hand.

Art Reynolds had noticed Barrie. His eyes crawled over her appraisingly. He wondered what she was doing there. He had never seen anything like her before. He would say she was looking for someone. Oh? well, he had seen a lot of queer things!

Barrie closed her eyes now and then and took communion with herself. What ailed her? This man might have owned the Cherry Dragon as Sascha hinted. And the place had been raided for opium. A fine sort she was! But she had changed. Even the stormy scene she had had with her parents the previous night had made no impression upon her. She had told them nothing, these stranger parents of hers who smiled on Lee's union with Pendleton Ross who desired Barrie. It made her sick, all of it.

Pendleton would protect Archie, now. It amused her to recall his abject confusion when he learned the identity of the girl young Wellington had brought to the club. He would know how to hush up the matter. Ridiculous old club. Not one of them fit to cast a stone.

She should realize that it was no use seeking Michael. The short space of her life which had held him, had passed. What could she do if she saw him? What could she say if she met him? Nothing—ever.

Something the mahout with the staring eyes was saying suddenly registered with her.

"The little settlement where folks have long hair, short incomes, great desires and little cash."

This was it. The garishly colored section of the city, with its gayly painted front doors, its quaint houses and eating places, its bright window boxes. The section where artists and writers and models and so many other interesting people gathered.

There a girl she had once known went had come and buried herself. Divorced her husband and set up a little shop and an apartment somewhere. Glee Harbison. Barrie had gone to school with her. People said there had been a man but everyone seemed to have lost track of her. Barney Harbison had never been sober. Barrie, who had been one of their bridesmaids, had not blamed Glee, although theirs had been one of the beautiful wed-

Paul Wellington Never Forgot the Shock He Received When He Came Face to Face With His Brother and Sascha Reynolds.

dings she had remembered on New Year's Morning.

Perhaps Glee was in the telephone book if Michael was not. She could look her up some day although if anyone found it out she would be in for a bad time.

"I've fallen in love," Barrie told herself grimly. "What's the use of denying it? I've never felt like this. But it will pass. It must. No lasting love could be born during one waltz. I know nothing about him and he is probably married anyhow."

From the bus station she took a taxi to her father's office in the imposing bank of which he had been president for many years.

It might be a good idea to drive home with him. He had been very angry the night before because she would not tell him where she had gone with Archie Wellington on New Year's Eve. Archie was considered bad medicine for young girls in her set. It might be interesting to see if the anger had blown over. And anyhow, she needed her father's cold hauteur to buck her up.

The interior of the great bank immediately gave Barrie a feeling of composure, of security and decency. The air inside it caused her to loosen her furs as she walked down the narrow mahogany-bordered aisle to the section where her father's office and those of several of the bank's officers opened.

Strangely enough, she had wished to fly back to the safety of her life. And yet what it was she feared, she could not have said.

And then the thing happened. And Barrie Rowann got the first serious shock of his life.

The door of her father's private office opened and Michael Brand stepped out. Closed it behind him and walked away from her down an opposite aisle toward a side entrance of the bank!

It was Michael. There was no chance of a mistake. Michael in a heavy overcoat, a soft hat. Not in the sordid unthinkable surroundings where we had just sought him, but there in her own world, in her own father's office, in the spot to which she had flown for an allaying of her senseless panic!

Easily, with the arrogant air with which he had crossed the dance floor of the Cherry Dragon, Michael Brand was walking away from her now. A sort of lope he had, thought Barrie, watching him with fascinated eyes, watching until he turned a corner and vanished.

To see this man there, twenty times more desirable than she remembered him, was a shock Barrie could not quickly recover from and she leaned against the rail for a moment quieting her pounding pulses. She could ask her father about him, of course. Michael was somebody or he would not have emerged from her father's well nigh impregnable office.

Roger Rowann was alone when Barrie went to him. He was a tall, slimly-built man with a coldly-chiseled face and clear blue eyes which looked straight through the person with whom he conversed. Few people expected much of the president of this great institution, nor did they get it.

"I thought I'd rather ride home with you," said Barrie as she glanced about the office which had so lately contained Michael's compelling presence.

"I am leaving at once," nodded her father.

"Father, who was the man who just left your office?" asked Barrie as casually as possible, and was startled to see an expression of anger, quickly and coldly controlled, pass across her father's face.

"I don't know his name," he replied.

"But how on earth did he reach you, then?"

"On private business, Barrie."

"But I wish to know something about him," said Barrie desperately, feeling as though a door slammed in her mental face.

"I fail to see why."

"I liked his looks."

Roger Rowann favored his strange child with a glance of frigid disapproval.

"I cannot understand you of late, Barrie," he said curtly and rose. "I am sorry I cannot inform you as to this strange young man. He called here on business for someone else."

"Well, then, for whom did he come?"

"Really!" Rowann flushed angrily now. "You know enough about my business, Barrie, to realize that I do not discuss it with my family—or with anyone else."

Barrie knew it was of no use. But she would find Michael and she would know him. Else life would be stale in her mouth.

* * *

On the morning after New Year's Day there was a great deal for Sascha Reynolds to think of. And she was not accustomed to heavy thinking.

She had asked her brother over the oilcloth covered breakfast table in the kitchen of the flat that morning. "Do you know anything about Michael Brand?" and Art had flung her a careless glance as he drained the last of his coffee. "Nope."

Art would tell her had he known. Everyone knew Michael but nothing about him.

"Where's he live?" she asked.

"How should I know?" Art grinned. "You're pretty enough to find out, kid."

Sascha went back to her room then and slid out of the little white kimono and into one of her most ra[illegible]hing "work dresses." This wa[illegible] flat green crepe with severe [illegible]ite collar and cuffs. She wi[illegible]d to look particularly lovely t[illegible] day. She had established a thrilling contact now with the Wellington brothers.

Archi[illegible] was there when she arrived. Usually Paul had to telephon[illegible]r him. He was there and the[illegible]retary, Miss Wallace told Sa[illegible]n acidly that Archie had ask[illegible] for her. And Sascha gatheri[illegible] up pad and pencil walked [illegible]surely into the younger brother's [illegible]ffice.

Archi[illegible] was smoking a pipe which h[illegible] put down as the girl entered.

"Liar[illegible]he greeted her. "Come over he[illegible]to me."

"I h[illegible] you won't give me away,"[illegible]d Sascha seating herself d[illegible]rely some distance away. [illegible]What else could I say? I knew [illegible]would depend on your chivalry.

"I g[illegible] the deuce," gloomed Archie, his weak mouth grim, or the next thing to it. "It is likely they will boot me out of their lousy club. The only thing that will save the day is the fact that Ross danced with you. He has a big drag. If you let it loose now that I took Barrie Rowann to that poisonous Cherry Dragon you can send me a basket of lilies."

"I wouldn't do that," said Sascha softly. "I thought she was sweet."

"Sweet!" groaned Archie. "She's the orchid in society's bouquet, that's what she is. Clean and fine and sane. You would not understand the position of her family. A wonder to me their whole fool apartment isn't furnished in pure white!"

As he spoke Archie reached for some papers on his desk, untwisted a coil of tissue and held before Sascha's wide eyes a plat-

(Continued on Page 24)

Bill [illegible]ninger, 1934 Indianapolis winner, awarded the 1934 National A.A.A. Racing Championship. Cummings is consistent Champion user.

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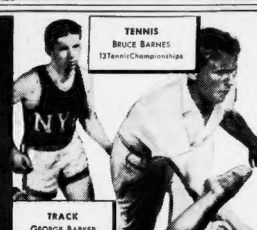
LOU GEHRIG has played in more than 1500 consecutive big league games. Such an athletic achievement takes "wind"—healthy nerves—"condition." Lou says: "For steady smoking I pick Camels. They're so mild they never get my 'wind' or my nerves."

"THEY DON'T GET YOUR WIND"

ATHLETES SAY



So mild, athletes smoke as many as they please—and that's real mildness!

Of course you want mildness in a cigarette. And the athletes—to whom "wind," healthy nerves, "condition" are *vitally* important—*insist* on mildness. Lou Gehrig, baseball's "Iron Man," says: "Camels are so mild they never get my 'wind.'"

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Tommy Armour, speaking for golf, Bruce Barnes for tennis, and Betty Bailey for the aquatic sports—all agree: "Camels don't get your 'wind.'"

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If you have rough, sallow, freckled "Weathered Skin"—a complexion that makes you self-conscious—follow this beauty tip. Bleach away this unsightliness with OTHINE (Double Strength). Apply at night on retiring. Make your skin clear and smooth in a few days. A dainty cream—proven by 25 years' use. So simple...at a trifling expense. At drug or department stores.

OTHINE DOUBLE STRENGTH

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Visiting Man's Ferocious Relative in the African Jungle

(Continued from Double Page)

hands. All my cannibal specialists made about the same answer:

"There is only one meat like that of man, and that is Ngi, the gorilla," said Nkoundeh. "Next to the gorilla is Wna, the chimpanzee, and much lower down there are the monkeys. No other meat, neither antelope, nor kid, nor pig, can compare to that."

I thought to myself that if I eat the meat of Ngi I shall know the taste of human flesh, and whether W. B. Seabrook is right or wrong.

Two men seized the arms of the gorilla and chopped off the hands, the best morsel. The black hunter put them aside for himself, and one of his women carried them away. Then the natives with their knives split the furry pelt to the waist. From the latter part a drop of milk escaped and mixed with the blood, which began to flow. A knife was then pushed into the stomach —and we were all driven to flight. The clumsily handled knife split the stomach of the gorilla, swollen with gas, and an awful explosion of liquid rose toward the sky. This was too much for me. I gave up the idea of eating gorilla steak.

I contended myself with admiring the brilliant colors of the great flayed ape. The bright red of the meat, the white attachments of the muscles to the bones, the blue mass of the intestines and strings of golden yellow beads of fat.

The little gorilla was brought up in cocoa baskets and howled all the day as it ate bananas, while the entire village feasted on the meat of the mother.

That evening at the hour when the first smoke from the fireplace rises through the palm roofs a joyous animation prevailed in the village. The strong odor of cooked gorilla was given out by every hut.

Next morning they dragged out of the basket a hairy mass, dirty with crushed bananas, howling and fierce. After great effort they fixed a raphia rope around its waist, which they attached to a post of my hut, near a bed of dry leaves and a pile of bananas and sugar cane.

The cries kept up together with outbreaks of rage, and the animal pulled on the cord and showed all his teeth when one of us came near. At the end of the second day, worn out with dancing in the mud and howling and running, the gorilla got possession of my armchair and went to sleep in it. The animal that woke up an hour later proved more sociable than before.

When it was released it walked through the village, its cord dragging behind it, and did not do much damage. It ran at the chickens and sheep and entered into the huts, where its voice frightened the dogs and made the children cry.

I baptized it Bobo, from the name which the pigmies give to the young gorilla. Bobo, when measured with legs stretched out, was a little over two feet high. Hair of a brownish-black, mixed with a little gray, which from a distance looked like plush and nearer like a brush, covered all but the extremities of its limbs and came down over its forehead like a cowl.

He had a rubbery skin, black, creased and shining; chestnut brown eyes, always serious, even in the joy of taking a piece of sugar cane; a nose shaped like a cup, which would have stuck to the wall, and two long flexible lips, the only expressive part of his face. The lips were pushed out when the animal was sad, looking something like a duck's bill, and they opened when he was angry, showing eight small incisor teeth, edged with black, owing to premature weaning. Well-developed whiskers surrounded the smooth face and gave Bobo the severe and tired expression of an old Parisian valet. When he walked with long steps, his feet flat on the ground and spread wide apart, and his hands folded, his clumsy, childish head hit the ground and the furniture.

I do not yet know if the language of the gorilla possesses much variety. That of Bobo consisted of a little insistent cough, followed by the sound, "Heu! Heu!" and accompanied by attacks with its teeth, and then a cry, "Hi! Hi!" which ended in long howls. "Hua! Hrru! Hrrui-i!" sometimes rising to a suggestion of the roar which attains such force in the adult animal.

In less than a week Bobo was completely tamed and only bit me when I tried to carry him in my arms, I tried to put him on the ground. Then he began the violent scene of the first days, with the same cough, biting and howling. I picked the wild gorilla up then and shut him up in his basket, where he went to sleep. When he woke up he was calm.

The little gorilla excited a frightened curiosity in the village. He was now without fear and without anxiety. He slept with the dogs, chewed the garbage from the kitchen, climbed up the posts of the hut to pull down the bananas which had been placed beyond his reach and stole chicken claws from the cook to go and suck them in a corner. He still ran at the dogs, the sheep the chickens and the children. When he went into a hut through one door, everybody ran out through the other.

One evening, seeing a woman nursing a baby on a doorstep of a hut, he rushed at her, jumped on her knees, seized the breast and began to drink greedily, while with his fists and feet he tried to drive the baby away. The brain of this little gorilla of four months was that of a child in its earliest infancy. Why is it that among white people the life of little gorillas should be so short?

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

BEGINNING TO GRAY OR ENTIRELY GRAY
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FARR'S FOR GRAY HAIR
the most modern, perfected preparation for premature grayness, easily and cleanly brushed into the hair in the hygienic privacy of home. Costly expert attention no longer needed. Will not wash off nor interfere with curling. $1.35. For Sale Everywhere.

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Love Job

Twenty Cases of Ivy Poisoning in a Camp for Girls Oddly Enough Develop Two Serious Heart Complications Which Respond to the Proper Remedy.

By Frank Leon Smith

(Continued from Page 13)

so darned busy—well, they never have time to get around, like other fellows."

"What's your name—Blarney or Barney? You can't fool me, young man. My mother was a Ryan. Now why doesn't the doctor like my niece? Is he still angry because she mistook him for a plumber?"

"Cer'ny not! He told me so, himself, and as for not likin' her s-s-o! Why, every time he sees her—" Barney stopped short, feeling he had said too much.

She felt he had said just enough. Now she came at him abruptly, with, "Why is the 'For Sale' sign in the doctor's front yard? Why has he put his house and lot in the hands of Blascomb & Wiggins?"

Barney jumped up and leaned on the back of his chair. "Because him and me—we're pulling out."

"Oh, so you're leaving town?"

"Sure—and we don't owe the town nothin', see! I mean, Ma'm—listen here." He dug an old wallet from his hip pocket and located the paper he wanted. "Listen—I copied these from the Melrose Leader. 'Born, Nicholas Blanchard Frondone, Born, Pauline Maria Tavelli. Born, Paul Anthony Shanahan. Born, Blanchard Roosevelt Parker—that's a colored boy. Born, Blanche Rebecca Levinsky. Born, Pauline Fugazy. Born, Harold Blanchard Gooch. Born, Paula Hooley. Born—'"

He read on, in deadly earnest, and didn't notice she was red faced, coughing, and moist of eye. "Get the idea? Them people named their kids for him because they couldn't pay him. Well, at least they got some appreciation for a good man. You didn't hear me read off any 'Biedermyer Brown' or anything?"

Belligerently, he folded the paper and put it away. "Love jobs, all the time love jobs. Ever hear of Young Rixon? He's a pug. He got all cut up here in a prize fight, and his goofy seconds used Monselles Powder on him, and the kid would have lost his whole face if it wasn't for the doc. But did anybody come forward and pay him? Huh! I could tell you a hunnert more. Love jobs—every one of them.. That's all fine and dandy—but you can't get fat on it."

She said quietly, "When were you planning to leave?"

"Me and the doc? The end of the week, we figure."

"Maybe I'll see you before you go, Barney."

"Maybe. Anyway, thanks a lot, Mis' Dale and—and good luck."

V.

In the doctor's bedroom, the world's saddest Flynn was folding clothes and packing them.

In Aline's bedroom, the most melancholy of Dales sat with a book in her lap—"Daily Record, Camp Sunshine"—and she read, "Sept. 8th—Rash and irritation turned out to be poison ivy. Called Dr. Blanchard, who treated cases and left instructions." It was her only keepsake.

In the doctor's office, a gloomy young general practitioner was dismantling an electric sterilizer, forgetting every few moments to keep up the whistling by which he was trying to sustain the sad youth in the bedroom, when the phone rang.

Dr. Blanchard answered the telephone. "Oh yes, how are you, Miss Dale? Why—of course—if it's serious. I'm not exactly—What?—well, you just stay where you are. Relax. Be perfectly calm and still. We'll be right over." And then he roared, "Barney!"

Barney rattled down the stairs. "Heart attack! The elder Miss Dale. Step on it!"

Barney stepped on it.

The elder Miss Dale was sitting in the very chair where he had first seen her. She motioned to a chair opposite, and with a side-long glance aloft, whispered —a good, strong whisper, "I lied to you, Doctor!" and she sat back, quite pleased with herself. "I didn't know how to get you over here. Had to see you. You have an appointment with Mr. Carmody, Manager of the Melrose Athletic Club. Grateful to you for saving the looks, if not the life of Young Rixon. Going to make you official doctor of the club. Good salary, he says, and you see't you get it."

"I don't understand, Miss Dale. I'm leaving town."

She shook her head. "No, you are not! Makes my mouth dry to whisper. You listen to Mr. Wallace — right across the street — vice-president Transcontinental Life. He's appointed you examining physician — pass on all prospects in Melrose and surrounding territory. Yearly retainer. Extra fees!"

She moistened her lips. Beckoned him closer. "My brother, George Dale—all these mills and factories—great interest in his employes and their families—has fine idea—put you on yearly payroll—accidents — sickness — you take care of everything. Good idea all 'round. Get you established this way. Be surprised how your practice will grow!"

"But, my dear Miss Dale—I don't understand—"

"Ssh! Surprise party for you —here—tonight. Carmody, Wallace, George Dale—lot of others. They'll tell you. I wanted you to know beforehand — so you can make nice speech—be a credit to yourself. Don't let on I told you. Now they know about you—they ain't going to let you leave Melrose!"

Paul stared at her a second, then his conduct was most unprofessional, for he put his arms around her and kissed her.

When he drew back, she beamed at him. She whispered, "Don't be wasting all this on me! My niece—crazy about you!" and she pointed in five rapid movements to the stairs going up.

Paul Blanchard straightened— an inch taller than anybody in Melrose had ever seen him. He called, "Aline!"

Aline came running to the upper landing. She paused, then ran part way down, and seeing him standing there with outstretched arms it didn't seem any time to think, to reason. She flew and was caught.

"But Paul, Dearest—where's Auntie?"

That was several moments, or love-years later. Auntie was out on the front walk, swinging, blowing on a right hand which had been squeezed by Barney Flynn. She was listening, smilingly, to the shriek of a siren —the siren Paul had never let Barney use. When the siren stopped, she knew that Barney was out of the car and ripping from the ground a two legged For Sale-sign. She went back into the house.

She fended off the delirious pair. She fixed a stern, humorous eye on Paul Blanchard. "Huh! You and your love jobs! You just see to it you do a good job at this one! And listen, young man, if you don't act surprised at the party tonight—you're no friend and nephew of mine!"

THIS IS THE AGE of popular science. If you study the pages in this and other issues of The American Weekly you will be well informed in every field of science and in every specialty in every field.

The Glorious Gamble

by Madeleine Sharps Buchanan

(Continued from Page 23)

inum chain fine as a hair, dripping one exquisite diamond in a platinum rim.

"Like this?" he asked carelessly. "You can have it if you do. Free gift. No strings whatever, beautiful."

Sascha rose, her eyes rivals to the swaying bit of fire in his fingers.

"Archie Wellington, you cheap skate!" she panted. "You don't have to pay me to keep me quiet! That's blackmail! I've worked among your old stones for a year now. I don't want any of them—that way."

And the astounded Archie was left staring at a firmly closed door.

"No, not that way," said Sascha to herself, her anger vanishing miraculously as she reached her desk.

What right did Archie have to be throwing around gems like that one? She knew he played the races, gambled. He was a bad lot generally. A fine muddle she would have gotten into perhaps, carrying home that glorious drop of moonlight. Sascha dreamed about it, staring at the roller of her typewriter, stringing it with flashing gems.

It was past noon when Paul Wellington sent for her, and when she entered his office he was alone, frowning over some papers which he immediately thrust into his pocket. But not before Sascha had seen that they were bills and had caught the words "Lucille" and "Van Duse." Evidently Mrs. Paul had run up a few accounts during the past year.

"I hope my brother has apologized to you, Miss Reynolds," said Paul Wellington bluntly as she waited with pad and pencil poised. "No stranger is welcome at the Meadowland and Archie knew it. Not unless the stranger, if a girl, is sponsored by half a dozen of our best matrons. So don't feel badly. The fool place is like that."

"I didn't notice the matrons," said Sascha demurely, "but the husbands were all nice to me."

Paul laughed a boyish laugh which was new to her.

"I guess so," he agreed. "But you did not answer me. Did Archie apologize?"

"Well, I wouldn't call it just that," hesitated Sascha. "He offered me a gorgeous diamond on a platinum chain. Of course I did not take it."

Paul's face grew dark with angry astonishment.

"The young ass!" he exploded. "The day will come when I shall kick him out of here. He has no diamonds to be throwing about."

"I thought not," said Sascha cooly. "But please forget about it."

At the Meadowland Wellington had first really studied Sascha. He repeated the delightful performance now.

She was refreshing and unusual. Not a jewel on her. He was sick of jewels, bangles. And this plain, bewitching little gown. Showed what a woman could do with reasonably priced clothes. Take Lila now, and these bills—

"I have a busy day before me," he said abruptly. "Letters to write, two meetings immediately after lunch. Can you lunch with me and take these letters at the same time?"

Sascha's eyes widened with childish surprise and pleasure.

"Why, I have no nice enough hat and coat—I—" she began, "I wasn't able to get them this Winter. My family needed all I could give them."

Accustomed to surprises though they were, Sascha's family would probably have fainted in a body could they have heard this breathlessly sweet remark. But Sascha was thinking of Mrs. Paul and the bills stuffed in Mr. Paul's pocket as she made it.

"Nonsense!" he looked at her with warm approval. "Get your things on. We'll slip around to the Pot and Kettle."

Sascha's heart sank a little. She had often been to the Pot and Kettle and she had hoped for some fine restaurant uptown. But this would come later. She could not quarrel with Life when it was being so kind to her. Into her eyes came the look of one who hears in the distance the approach of something very sweet.

"I shan't be a moment," she said simply and turned away when his voice recalled her.

"Don't forget what I told you about this club. Don't let it hurt you. You are not missing a thing, working here for us."

"Oh, no!" said Sascha, wide-eyed and demure. "I am sure I am not."

To Be Continued Sunday.

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Does This Picture Look Like a Woman of 60?

Edna Wallace Hopper, Who at Past Sixty Has the Skin of a Girl, Tells How She Does it.

Edna Wallace Hopper

Look at my picture. Do I look like a woman past 60? People can't believe it, but I am. Boys scarcely above college age often try to flirt with me. I've been booked from one great theatre to another as "The One Woman in the World Who Never Grew Old." At a grandmother's age I still enjoy the thrills of youth.

Now, let me tell you how I do it. *Follow it* and I promise if you're 50, you'll look 40. If you're 40, you'll look 30. And if you're 30, you'll gain back the skin of eighteen. Women I've given it to call it a miracle—say it takes 10 years from the face in 10 minutes!

It is the discovery of a Famous French Scientist, who startled the cosmetic world by discovering that the Oils of Youth could be *artificially prepared* like the skin of fading women. He found that after 25 most women were deficient in certain youth oils. Oils that kept the skin free of age lines and wrinkles. And then, by a notable scientific discovery, he found a way to resupply the skin daily with these oils.

This method puts those oils back in your skin every day. Without them you are old. With them you are young—alluring, charming.

All you do is smear it on your face like a cold cream. *But, don't rub it off.* Let it stay on. *Then watch!* Your skin will absorb every bit of it—*literally drink in the youth oils it contains.* It's one of the most amazing demonstrations in scientific youth restoration known. Lines and hollow places soon go. You look years younger the first treatment. Youth and allure come back. Look at me. At over 60—I am living proof.

The method is called Edna Wallace Hopper's Special Restorative Cream. You can get it at any drug or department store. Try it. It may give your life a new meaning.

This true story is based upon facts contained in an unsolicited letter.)
MRS. BLANCHE ROBB GLOUCESTER — MASS.
March 10, 1935
Gentlemen: My daughter used to feel embarrassed because her school dresses never looked clean and bright. Scrub as I might they always looked gray and dingy. One day a classmate of hers
HERE'S WHAT HAPPENED THEN
EVA, YOUR WASH DRESSES ALWAYS LOOK SO CLEAN AND LOVELY! YOUR MOTHER MUST SPEND ALL HER TIME WASHING
SHUCKS, RUTH, WHEN I COME TO YOUR HOUSE I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT MOTHER USES!
MRS. ROBB, I'VE BROUGHT YOU A PRESENT. MY MOTHER SAYS IT'S THE MOST WONDERFUL WASHDAY HELP EVER INVENTED
'LA FRANCE USE IT WITH SOAP'—WHAT DO I DO WITH IT, EVA?
JUST DISSOLVE SOME OF THESE BLUE FLAKES WITH YOUR REGULAR SOAP — AND WATCH THE DIRT SCAMPER OUT!
IT MAKES THE SUDS BLUE! YOU SAY I WON'T HAVE TO USE A BLUING RINSE? THAT'S A TIME AND WORK SAVER!
YOU WON'T HAVE ANY BLUING SPOTS OR STREAKS, EITHER —JUST CRYSTAL-CLEAR WHITENESS!
WHY I'VE HARDLY RUBBED AT ALL— AND THESE CLOTHES ARE CLEAN ALREADY! LA FRANCE SPEEDS UP THE SOAP LIKE MAGIC!
SINCE YOUR MOTHER'S BEEN USING LA FRANCE YOUR DRESSES LOOK LOVELY, RUTH. THE COLORS ARE SO BRIGHT!
AND MOTHER DOESN'T MIND WASHING THEM NOW—THANKS TO YOU!
Now my daughter's wash dresses are the envy of the neighborhood! Her colored frocks look just as fresh and clean as her white ones when washed with La France—and it is such a labor-saver! I wouldn't do without it!
Mrs. Blanche Robb

Magic La France

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2. Makes the soap work better, faster.
3. Blues at the same time, saving you one whole hard step.
4. Less work—whiter clothes.

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La France is never more than 10 cents. Enough for three average washings. If you are not delighted with the way it safely helps your favorite soap and saves you extra work and trouble of a bluing rinse . . . if it fails to give you an easier, whiter wash in either tub or machine . . . your grocer will cheerfully refund your money!

La France is safe for any fabric that water won't harm. Makes colored clothes look brighter. Washing machine makers endorse it. Ask your grocer for La France today, or use coupon at right!

Use it with soap

La France

Free

Mail this coupon for free test packages of La France and Satina. You add Satina to boiling starch. It makes your iron glide easier. La France and Satina are products of General Foods. Mail coupon in envelope or paste on postcard. Or write postcard addressed to

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Send me free test packages of La France and Satina.

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Snow white! Waterproof! Washable! Yet this improved adhesive tape costs no more!

NEW! BAUER & BLACK Wet-Pruf ADHESIVE TAPE

Fish Recipes

Baked Fish Steaks and Fillets.

THICK chunks are better than thin slices. Before baking, divide into servings of about ½ pound each. This insures uniform portions. To about ¼ cup milk add 1 tablespoon salt. Dip the pieces of fish in the salted milk. Lift one piece of the fish at a time with the left hand, slightly drain off liquid and lay fish on a pan of fine sifted bread crumbs. With the right hand, which has been kept dry, roll the piece of fish in the crumbs and place it in a greased baking dish. Sprinkle with a little fat. Repeat until all the pieces are dipped and crumbed. Place in a hot oven for 10 minutes or until the fish is done—when it is delicately browned and the meat separates readily from the bone. No water should be added to the pan. Carefully remove to a hot platter. Garnish with crisp parsley and sliced lemon.

Fish Paste (For Fish Canapes and Hors d'Oeuvres).

COMBINE 2 cups left-over cooked fish flakes, 4 tablespoons vinegar, 1 teaspoon salt, and just a suggestion of tabasco sauce. Let stand a half hour. Blend ½ cup mayonnaise with 2 teaspoons anchovy paste. Cream 2 teaspoons butter, add the fish flakes and work to a smooth paste. Add the mayonnaise and mix until smooth.

Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*
Fruit, Scrambled Eggs, Bacon Muffins, Coffee.	Fruit, Cereal, Broiled Dried Beef, Muffins, Coffee.	Fruit, Oatmeal, Toasted Rolls, Marmalade, Coffee.	Fruit, Whole Grain Cereal, Poached Eggs, Buttered Toast, Bacon, Coffee.	Fruit, Cereal, Raw Potato Pancakes, Coffee.	Fruit, Cereal, Poached Eggs on Toast, Bacon, Coffee.	Prunes, Cereal, French Toast with Jam, Coffee.
Luncheon	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Dinner*
Savory Beans, Golden Glow Salad, Icebox Graham Rolls, Fruit Compote, Cookies.	Macaroon Patties, Diced Carrots and Peas, Radish and Lettuce Salad, Savory Dressing, Date Bars, Cocoa or Tea.	Savory Nut Loaf, Buttered Salsify, Rolls, Endive with French Dressing, Doughnuts, Tea.	Tomato Juice or Vegetable Soup, Toasted Peanut Butter and Maple Sugar Sandwiches, Cocoa.	Spaghetti Italienne, Asparagus Salad, French Dressing, Honey Wafers, Tea.	Soup (Left-Overs), Sausages with Pancakes, Apple Trifle, Hermits, Tea.	Favorite Soup, Swedish Chicken, Cream Gravy, Candied Sweet Potatoes with Apples or Figs, Buttered Green Vegetables, Frozen Chocolate Bread Pudding, Half Cups Coffee.
Dinner	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Supper*
Lamb Chop Grill (Chops, Pineapple, Mushrooms and Tomatoes or Beets), Heart Lettuce with Chives Dressing, Dried Apricot Bavarian.	Roast Beef, Brown Gravy, Browned Parsnips, Tomato Salad with French Dressing, Cherry Pie.	Emergency Soup (Left-Overs), Baked Slice of Ham, Sauerkraut, Apple and Picalilli Relish, Buttered Okra, Butterscotch Roll.	Baked and Stuffed Beef Heart, Buttered Asparagus, Surprise Potatoes, Spiced Beef Salad, Orange Waffles.	Baked and Stuffed Fish, Bread Dressing, Philadelphia Relish in Lemon Cups, Steamed Spinach, Upsidedown Prune and Apricot Cake.	Hamburg Steak Loaf, Glazed Silver Skin Onions, French Fried Green Peppers, Potatoes, Shredded Raw Cabbage Salad with Sour Cream Dressing, One-Two-Three Dessert.	Noodles au Gratin, Combination Green Salad, French Dressing, Icebox Rolls, Fruit Cup.

ANNOUNCING

Ready-Mix

the new easy way to make

ICE CREAM

THREE FLAVORS VANILLA CHOCOLATE TAFFY

NOW

you can make delicious ice cream right at home

Here's a new treat that is both a time and money saver. With Ready-Mix you can make rich, velvety ice cream in your automatic refrigerator or hand freezer. Its delicious flavor comes from Burnett's Pure Vanilla. And when you see your family lick their spoons and come back for more, you'll know that here is an ideal dessert for hot summer days. Nourishing—children love it.

● Just dissolve the contents of the package in a cup of milk. Add to a cup of cream whipped *stiff* and freeze in the tray of your refrigerator or in your hand freezer.

10¢ *pkg. Your grocer has it!*

Ready-Mix

Date it yourself!

Prove how it wears—

THE 5c you spend for Roylace Doubl-edge shelving is so trifling that you'll probably forget the date you bought it. So, when you pretty up shelves with it, jot down the date on a corner . . . when you change the shelving months later, note what a long life of beauty that little nickel has given!

The crisp, reinforced edge of Roylace folds down firmly, holds in place, needs no tacking. It is, by actual test, *four times as strong* as ordinary paper. It isn't a catch-all for dust; and will *never curl up* in steam. It is the modern way to primp up shelves in all your cupboards.

Every 5 & 10, dept. and neighborhood store carries Roylace in new decorator-designed patterns. Look for the package that says "Feel the Edge!" Open it up . . . measure your bargain . . . 9 feet for 5c! (10c sizes, too). Royal Lace Paper Works, Inc., 842 Lorimer Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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DOUBL-EDGE PAPER SHELVING

American Weekly Patterns

Pattern 3202—PLEATS FOR ACTION — GATHERS FOR FEMININITY — AND THE SHIRTWAIST FOR EVERYTHING! Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 16 requires 3⅝ yards 36-inch fabric.

Pattern 3236 — SLENDERIZING LINES—CONTRAST IN BODICE — SIDES AND SLEEVES ARE MADE IN ONE. Designed for sizes 16, 18, 20, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44. Size 36 requires 3⅛ yards 39-inch fabric and ⅝-yard contrasting.

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Pattern 3237 — SEMI - FORMAL DRESS—SLEEVES MAY BE OMITTED — ANKLE LENGTH OPTIONAL ROUND OR SQUARE NECK. Designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40. Size 16 requires 4⅞ yards 36-inch fabric.

Pattern 3235 — KNOCK-ABOUT FROCK — SHOULDER CAPE — INTERESTING STITCHING ON SKIRT—BIG DECORATIVE BUTTONS! Designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40. Size 16 requires 3⅞ yards 36-inch fabric.

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I'll try your new furniture polish!

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A Dog Soap at last *that*

Now, when you wash your dog, you not only clean it perfectly but you also help its health: give him a "dog's shampoo" that stimulates hair growth, kills fleas and lice, destroys "doggie odors." Outlasts two ordinary bars. At drug stores and pet shops, 50c, or write us direct. William Cooper & Nephews, Inc., 1918 Clifton Ave., Chicago, Ill.

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THE ONLY 6 IN 1 USE SOAP

806 Backed by 88 Years' Experience

- Oils
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- Kills Fleas
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Send for 400 FREE SAMPLES OF YARN

Most complete line of Knitting Yarns in U.S.

4-Fold Worsted Coat Yarn, 2¾ 2 oz. $2.16 lb.
Scotch Tweed Coat Yarn, 3⅛ 2 oz. 2.73 lb.
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Boucle, $3.90 lb. . . . Afghan Yarn . 2.64 lb.
Worsted, Silk & Cotton Mob Yarn, 4.00 lb.
4-Fold Lustre Rug Yarn, 30c 2 oz. 2.40 lb.

Two-oz. Orders Accepted. Highest Grades. Lowest Prices. Mail Orders Promptly Filled.

Instructions FREE | YARN NOVELTY CO. 42-A-Ninth 9th St., Phila.

Selected Recipes

Custard Souffle.

MELT 4 tablespoons butter, add 4 tablespoons flour and blend well. Add 2 cups milk and stir constantly until creamy and smooth. Add a pinch of salt and ½ cup sugar. Pour over 3 well beaten egg yolks and when cool fold in 3 stiffly beaten egg whites. Flavor with a few drops vanilla or other desired flavoring. Pour into a buttered baking dish and set in a pan of hot water. Bake in a moderate oven until firm (about 45 minutes).

Luncheon Vegetables.

WASH and pare 6 or 8 potatoes and cut into half-inch dice. Add 5 or 6 sliced leeks, cover with boiling water and cook about 10 minutes. Drain. Cook ½ bunch of asparagus in boiling water for 10 minutes. Drain and cut in inch lengths. Add to the potatoes and leeks. Scald 1 pint milk and in it dissolve ¼ cup butter. Season with ½ teaspoon salt and a few grains pepper and pour over the vegetables. Simmer gently until tender. Turn into a hot serving dish and sprinkle with paprika.

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THERE is no substitute for TINTEX. For these quality tints and dyes *always* give perfect, professional tinting and dyeing results. TINTEX never fails. That's why women who are color-wise insist on TINTEX. Unproven tints and dyes may prove costly. Always say "TINTEX" to your dealer. 38 brilliant, long-lasting colors from which to choose.

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Enter Now! CALOX CELEBRATION CONTEST

$25,000.00 IN PRIZES!

Calox Tooth Powder is celebrating its tremendous growth in sales with a nation-wide prize contest. Easy to enter! Easy to win! . . . Just think of some of the things you could do with the first prize of $2500 in cash:

Live a year abroad or in the South Seas!

Give your child a college education!

Take a luxurious trip around the world!

Buy a farm for hunting or fishing!

Buy a fine car, with money over for upkeep and vacations!

Completely remodel and modernize your home!

Start yourself in a profitable business!

THE PRIZES

FIRST PRIZE	$2500
SECOND PRIZE . . .	1000
NEXT THREE PRIZES . .	500

- Next 200 prizes, $50 worth of any kind of dental work at your dentist's, or $50 worth of any kind of merchandise at your drug store, or $40 in cash.
- Next 400 prizes, $25 worth of any kind of dental work at your dentist's, or $25 worth of any kind of merchandise at your drug store, or $20 in cash.

Or imagine the many wonderful ways you could spend the second prize of $1000—or the next three prizes of $500 each!

600 other big prizes—cash if you choose

You know what you want — what you need. That is why we emphasize dental work for you or for your family. We know of nothing more important to health or happiness. Or think of all you could buy from your drug store with one of these big prizes. Let your druggist suggest some of the many useful things you could get for $50 or $25!

HOW TO ENTER—READ THESE SIMPLE RULES:

1 Any one may enter except employees of McKesson & Robbins, Inc., their advertising agents, and their families.

2 Write 60 words or less on "How Calox cleans 'The Forgotten 60' and why this is important." Write either on an entry blank, which you can get from your druggist, or on one side of a plain sheet of paper.

3 Attach to your statement an outside cardboard carton from a package of Calox (30c or 50c size).

4 Send as many contest letters as you wish, provided each is accompanied by a Calox carton.

5 Print your name and address, and the name and address of your druggist, on each entry.

6 Contest entries will be judged for clearness, sincerity and convincing quality. Prizes will be awarded for the best statements meeting these requirements. Judges will be: Mrs. Christine Frederick, Household Economics Editor, *American Weekly*; Jerry McQuade, Editor, *Drug Topics*; H. M. Faust, Curtis Publishing Company. Their decisions shall be final. In the event of a tie, identical prizes will be awarded to tying contestants. All entries become the property of McKesson & Robbins, Inc.

7 Mail your entry to McKesson & Robbins, Inc., Dept. AM-2, Fairfield, Conn. All entries must be postmarked before midnight, June 15, 1935.

Six hundred and five prizes! And you don't need to be an expert writer to win. What we want is clear, simple, convincing statements—just what you would write if you were telling a friend about Calox—how it cleans "The Forgotth 60," and why this is important.

TO THE DENTIST:

We appreciate the enthusiastic support you have given Calox Tooth Powder, and we recognize the fact that many of the thousands of new users of Calox have been influenced by your recommendation. In acknowledgment we are offering 200 prizes of $50, and 400 prizes of $25 in dental work if the winners so elect. It is our belief that this offer will stimulate public interest in sound professional dental care.

TO THE DRUGGIST:

The success of the McKesson business has been founded on our cordial relations with retail druggists. In order that you may have a deserved share in the benefits of this Calox Celebration Contest, we are offering 200 prizes of $50, and 400 prizes of $25, which may be taken in merchandise purchasable at your store. You will be supplied with Contest Entry Blanks. Tell your customers about this great contest, and suggest that they enter.

When you use CALOX you protect

"The Forgotten 60"

(hidden surfaces between the teeth)

Tested and Approved by Bureau of Foods, Sanitation and Health of the National Health Council

PUT some Calox Tooth Powder on your brush and start cleaning your teeth. The first thing you notice is a clean, refreshing taste. Then, immediately, there's a foam of tiny bubbles in your mouth — bubbles of purifying *oxygen*. You can see them and feel them, as they sweep into the crevices between the teeth. They penetrate where ordinary dentifrices never reach — purging away germs, deodorizing food particles, combating decay on the 60 "forgotten" surfaces — the *sides* of your teeth.

Calox whitens and polishes the teeth swiftly and safely. It sweetens the breath, neutralizes mouth acids, and tones and invigorates the gums.

Every ingredient in Calox is *safe*, used and recommended by dentists. And it's amazingly economical. Costs only *one-third* as much to use as less effective dentifrices!

HANDY SIZE 30¢ FAMILY SIZE 50¢

McKESSON & ROBBINS, INC.
MANUFACTURING CHEMISTS FOR 102 YEARS

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McKesson's **CALOX**

THE POWDER THAT PENETRATES